Swamped in the Gulf—*Elie Kedourie*

The Bus Stops Here • A Thanksgiving Stag Party

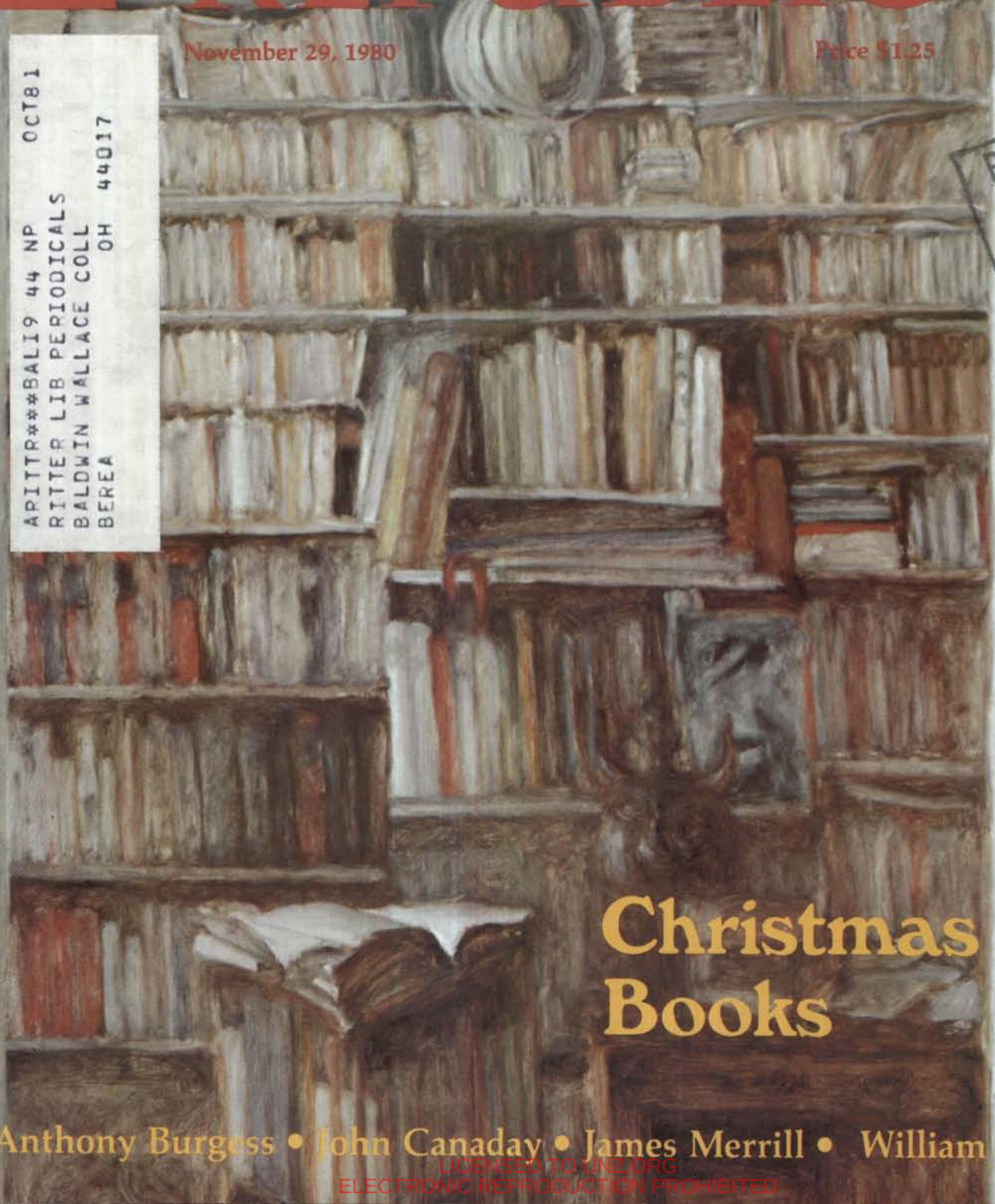
V. 183
no. 22

THE NEW REPUBLIC

November 29, 1980 Price $1.25

APITTR**BALI9 44 NP OCT81
RITTER LIB PERIODICALS
BALDWIN WALLACE COLL
BEREA OH 44017

RECEIVED
DEC 3 '80
BALDWIN-WALLACE
RITTER LIBR



Christmas Books

Anthony Burgess • John Canaday • James Merrill • William Maxwell

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB

from Washington
November 29, 1980

Other Matters

The biggest story in Washington for the next six months will be Ronald Reagan's domestication, but a lot of other things are going on too. Let's not forget them.

One hundred miserable Haitians take a leaky boat for the United States and are shipwrecked on uninhabited Cayo Lobos (the size of a football field) in the Bahamas. Some die of hunger after 47 days. The rest are "rescued." But they don't want to return to Haiti. They fight their rescuers, who take them home. They are part of what World Bank president Robert McNamara called "the absolute poor." Nobody wants to be reminded of overpopulation and hunger on a small planet but they keep intruding. "The most potentially explosive force in the world today," says the report of the Presidential Commission on World Hunger (1980), "is the frustrated desire of poor people to attain a decent standard of living." Yes, it's there; like Mount St. Helens it erupts only now and then. Incidentally, America's contribution to foreign aid has fallen off sharply (as a proportion of GNP). Meanwhile global population expands; the sixth billion will be here in 10 years. Who will feed them?

The front page of the magazine section of the *New York Times* last Sunday had pictures of rheumy-eyed Ugandan children, their bellies swollen with pellagra. Uganda is described by correspondent Gregory Jaynes as the "most desperate" African land he had visited (population 13 million). A photograph inside showed a lad, black as charcoal, with white teeth, on a hospital cot while "a doctor looks on hopelessly as a young boy dies of starvation." The caption adds, "the boys tend to die first, since the Karamojong feed their girls in order to trade them for cattle." The glossy magazine is merry with Christmas advertising, furs, perfumes, quartz watches, jewels from Harry Winston, Inc., Glenlivet (12 years old). Wassail to you!

Americans are adept at failing to see what they don't want to see. Nowhere is this art more evident than when practiced near our southern borders. Former AID administrator John J. Gilligan said last year, "Six to 10 million Latin Americans are now in this country illegally." The border patrol catches and turns back a million aliens attempting illegal entry a year, and probably as many succeed as fail. Working on three shifts, no more than 300 border patrol officers, with three helicopters, are on duty at one time on the 1,900 mile border. It is hopeless. The American generosity is unique. There are currently around eight million Americans unemployed, yet the US takes twice as many legal immigrants as the rest of the world combined. Example: of the Indonesian refugees, Japan settled 276, the US, 373,747. It is fascinating to watch the US trying to ignore this problem. Americans are sensitive to charges of racial snobbery; also, they don't want to introduce universal identity cards which are about the only way to enforce a penalty on employers who hire illegal aliens. Yet a Roper poll indicates 91 percent support among the people for an all-out effort to stop illegals.

The US has imposed the discipline of birth control on itself; Mexico hasn't, and the tide of illegals is the result. The US spends a quarter of its defense budget against Moscow, and leaves the back door open to silent invasion. Who will say Mexican culture isn't just as rich as ours? We can be proud of our assimilative power, but how far should it be stretched? The problem of bilingualism is costly but sustainable; other nations have several languages. As to culture, who will say that Mexico City bull fights wouldn't be just as entertaining to Detroit as professional football games? They probably would attract a big television audience.

Here's another matter that's going on in Washington while Reagan makes his big transition. Are you going to get your Social Security benefits when the time comes, and will they be worth what you put in? Something has to be done about this. Half the families of the US now pay more Social Security taxes than income taxes. But benefit payments are outpacing contributions. You can see why when you remember that the fund loses about $100 million in contributions for every million people laid off for one month. "Inflation and unemployment threaten the adequacy and even the security of the benefits," warns Senator Lloyd Bentsen, Democrat of Texas and chairman of a committee that has issued a report on the subject. Yes, he says, "retirement benefits are being threatened by inflation, unemployment, and lagging productivity." Also, the working-age population is diminishing in proportion to the population aged 65 or older that gets payments. What to do? Affable Ronald Reagan no doubt will solve this and our other problems. In the meantime a couple of proposals—tell older workers not to retire so soon, and cut down benefits one way or another.

Notes: Californians complain that TV time-zone differences discouraged western voters in the Reagan landslide. Canada long since has met that problem: Canadian law forbids broadcast of results in any electoral district before polls close in that area. This is intended to prevent the east from influencing late-voting westerners.

America's election process is in a mess. Some congressmen are talking of a commission to make a full-scale investigation of the whole system. Meanwhile Democrats reexamine their party. Representative Henry Reuss of Wisconsin pushes for a blue-ribbon, 250-member Democratic advisory council, a revival of a group created after an earlier debacle, the Eisenhower landslide in 1956. The original group included Truman, Stevenson, Humphrey, and Mrs. Roosevelt. Everything now depends on whether Speaker Tip O'Neill and Senator Byrd will go along.

Church-state issues face politicians; Reagan favors tuition tax credits including parochial schools; the GOP platform advocates an anti-abortion constitutional amendment; after five failures Congress may pass an amendment reinstating school prayer and Bible reading; poll analysis indicates Reagan got 48 percent to Carter's 40 percent of the Catholic vote, reversing the old New Deal coalition pattern.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW TO HELP GET HEALTH CARE WHERE IT'S NEEDED MOST

PRIVATE BUSINESS CAN SUPPORT SCHOOLS LIKE MEHARRY MEDICAL COLLEGE

There are 25 million poor people in our country. For most of them, good health care is beyond reach. In the nation as a whole, for instance, there is one doctor for every 715 people; but among the poor, the ratio is only one to 3,500.

Meharry Medical College is working to achieve better health care for everyone, especially the underprivileged. For over a century, Meharry has been training the economically disadvantaged to serve their communities' health care needs. Located in Nashville, Tennessee, it is this country's only privately supported, predominantly black, four-year medical college.

Meharry's record is impressive. Seventy-six per cent of its graduates work among the urban and rural poor; 62 per cent enter primary care, the type of practice in shortest supply. Both numbers are the highest for any medical school in the nation.

General Motors views Meharry as a vital national resource. In the twelve years that we've been associated with the school, we've donated a substantial amount of money, as well as the time and talents of our executives for fund-raising purposes. General Motors executives and friends have also established two separate scholarship funds at Meharry. To date, 25 scholarships have been awarded totaling nearly $70,000.

General Motors also supports other colleges and universities. In 1979, over half of GM's total contributions of $27 million—$14.4 million—went to higher education. Institutions receiving support varied from well-known schools such as Stanford University, Northwestern University, and the University of Pennsylvania, to community-based schools like St. John Fisher and Anderson Colleges.

General Motors also operates its own fully-accredited undergraduate engineering and industrial administration college, General Motors Institute (GMI), located in Flint, Michigan.

At General Motors, our first priority has always been to build transportation that gives people the best value for their money. And by doing that, to earn a profit. After all, before any business can do good, it must do well. It's our belief that all private business should both do well and do good.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

General Motors

People building transportation to serve people

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 183, No. 22, Issue 3438, November 29, 1980. Published weekly (except the issues of January 5, July 12, August 9, September 13) and distributed by The New Republic, Inc., 1220 19th Street NW, Washington, DC 20036. Phone (202) 331-7494. Single copy, $1.25; yearly subscriptions, $28; foreign, $31; students, $17.

Copyright 1980 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide and Media Review Digest. The New Republic is available on microfilm from University Microfilms International, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106.

Send all remittances, inquiries about subscriptions, and undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Service Department, The New Republic, P.O.Box 955, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11737.

Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome, but cannot be considered or returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Contents

TRB from Washington	2	Other Matters
Comment	5	Rights and Reagan
	7	Correspondence
John Osborne	8	White House Watch: Adjusting to Reagan
Stephen Chapman	9	Bus Rout
Susan Dooley	10	Pass the Buck
Nicholas von Hoffman	12	A Fool and His Money: Reaganoid
Bart Rubenstein	13	Nick's Picks . . . Bart's Charts
John Lukacs	14	Polish Omens
Elie Kedourie	17	The Illusions of Powerlessness
Joseph Nocera	19	Pierre and the Swan
		Books and the Arts
Stanley Kauffmann	22	Films: Bergman, Working
John Canaday	24	Art: A Season of Art Books
James Merrill	29	Divine Poem
Robert Bly	32	Poem: "The Grief of Men"
William H. Harbaugh	34	*Over Here* by David M. Kennedy
William Maxwell	38	*Journey Around My Room: The Autobiography of Louise Bogan A Mosaic* by Ruth Limmer
Julian Moynahan	40	The State of Ireland by Benedict Kiely
Anthony Burgess	41	The Irish Art
Leo Braudy	43	*Under the Sign of Saturn* by Susan Sontag
	46	Brief Review:
Lisa Derman		*Fault Lines* by James Carroll
	46	Paperbacks
Washington Diarist	50	The Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. Review of Books

Cover: "Books" (1977) by Avigdor Arikha. Collection of Charles Bronfman, Montreal. Reproduced courtesy of Marlboro Gallery.

Free!

Messages To The Next Civilization

Brief testaments of faith by nine famous people: Steve Allen, Joan Baez, John Denver, Henry Fonda, Mark Hatfield, Theodore Hesburgh, Thor Heyerdahl, Carlos Romulo, and Jean Stapleton

Yours **FREE** with a membership in

THE WORLD FEDERALISTS ASSOC.

Or just send for more information about the World Federalists and get one dollar discount on this $2.50 booklet. (You will be billed later for $1.50 which can go toward membership at any time.)

Just fill in the coupon below, clip it out and mail it in. You will receive the booklet in the mail.

To: World Federalists Association
1011 Arlington Blvd.,
Suite W-219
Arlington, VA 22209

Name _____
Address _____ (please print)
City/State _____ Zip _____
☐ Please send me more information.

Please enroll me as a member of WFA.
Dues and contributions are tax-deductible.

Regular Membership
[ ] $20 Couple [ ] $ 5 Student
[ ] $15 Individual
[ ] $ 5 Limited Income

Sustaining Membership
[ ] $1000 Grenville Clark Club [ ] $ 100 Donor [ ] $ 50 Contributor
[ ] $ 500 Sponsor

Staff

Editor-in-Chief and Publisher—*Martin Peretz*
Editor—*Michael Kinsley*
Managing Editor—*Russ Hoyle*
Literary Editor—*Jack Beatty*
Executive Editor—*Morton M. Kondracke*
Senior Editor—*John Osborne*
Associate Editor—*Stephen Chapman*
Films—*Stanley Kauffmann*
Theater—*Robert Brustein*
Poetry Editor—*Robert Pinsky*
Production Manager—*Dorothy Wickenden*
Assistant Literary Editor—*Ann Hulbert*
Assistant Production Manager—*Lisa Derman*
Assistant to the Editors—*Judith Larkin*
Contributing Editors—*Robert Coles, Henry Fairlie, Paul Fussell, Joseph Featherstone, Nathan Lewin, Roger Morris, Joyce Carol Oates, Paul Robinson, Tad Szulc, Anne Tyler, Michael Walzer, Leon Wieseltier*

General Manager and Associate Publisher—*Robert A. Cohen*
Circulation Manager—*Patricia Hardee*
Circulation Promotion Manager—*Donna Naroff*
Business Manager—*Rhonda Davis Schoem*
Financial Planning Manager—*J. Kristine Klasman*
Advertising Manager—*Joan M. Stapleton*
Classified Advertising Manager—*Theresa Miller*
Rights and Permissions—*Winter Thomason*
Leadership Network Advertising—*Robert F. Sennott Jr., New York (212) 682-4500*
Receptionist—*Ruby McGowan*
Staff Associate—*David Seideman*

The New Republic is phototypeset and produced by 19th Street Graphix, Washington, DC.
Production Supervisor—*Kathy Sullivan*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

November 29, 1980

Rights and Reagan

In his first speech after losing the election, President Carter made a fervent defense of the human rights policies that well may be the hallmark of his administration. Carter told the Organization of American States that human rights for Latin America was a "historic movement" that he was convinced would outlast his presidency. "For too long, the United States seemed wedded to the status quo—even when that meant poverty, social injustice, and even political repression," Carter said. "That attitude betrayed my country's dynamism and our faith and confidence in the future—and that, thank God, has been changed. Some claim that President Jimmy Carter elevated human rights and democracy on the inter-American agenda and that the agenda will change when I leave. They are wrong."

No one can know for sure until Ronald Reagan's new team is fully installed, but the preliminary signals being sent to the military dictatorships of Latin America suggest that President Carter is wrong, that the Reagan election means: relax, boys, the human rights heat is off. That seems the unmistakable message conveyed in person to the Latins by David Rockefeller of the Chase Manhattan Bank, who spent the week after the election traveling to Panama, Chile, Paraguay, Argentina, and Brazil. Rockefeller emphasized that he wasn't speaking for Reagan, but he is a man who clearly understands the drift of things. "In the campaign," he told a business audience in Argentina, "Mr. Reagan made it clear that he will deal with the world as it is. He is not going to try to change the world in his own image." The November 11 *New York Times* reported, with too little detail in a half-column story on Page A10, that government officials and businessmen in the countries Rockefeller visited turned out in droves to hear him criticize the Carter administration for basing American policy too much on human rights while failing to recognize the chaos and terrorism many of the countries face.

In his initial post-election press conference, president-elect Reagan gave human rights the same sort of "yes, we all believe in motherhood" treatment. "Yes, I think that all of us in this country are dedicated to the belief in human rights," he said. "But I think it must be a consistent policy. I don't think that you can turn away from some country because here and there they do not totally agree with our concept of human rights and then at the same time maintain relations with other countries, or try to develop them, where human rights are virtually nonexistent."

Reagan added: "I don't think that our record of turning away from countries that were basically friendly to us, because of some facet of human rights, and then finding that the result was that they have lost all human rights in that country—that isn't a practical way to go about that."

The Reagan team argues that the Carter administration made just this trade in Nicaragua, where the "moderately oppressive" regime of Anastasio Somoza was destabilized by US human rights pressures and then toppled by the Marxist-Leninist Sandinista movement which is now in the process of destroying freedom and cementing ties to Cuba and the Soviet Union. According to some leading Reagan advisers, Carter's policies have emboldened Cuba to step up its revolutionary activities throughout Central America so that local insurgencies in El Salvador, Guatemala, and Honduras may burst into a regional civil war. El Salvador seems near the point of collapse right now, and some Reagan advisers believe the new president may well be faced with the option of sending in the Marines. As things are shaping up, Central America may represent for Ronald Reagan the crisis area that the Persian Gulf has been for Jimmy Carter and Southeast Asia was for Richard Nixon and Lyndon Johnson.

We concur with the Reagan people that US policy in Nicaragua was ill conceived and horribly executed. But we do not believe that Nicaragua is now irretrievably in the communist camp and ought to be shunned or conspired against by the United States. And while we appreciate the grave danger to US strategic interests in Central America posed by Cuba, we do not believe it justifies a wholesale shutdown of US pressure for Latin governments to observe some human rights standards. The Carter administration may have thought it was called upon to turn every country into a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

liberal democracy, but its moralistic excesses do not justify reversion by Reagan to a policy of winking at torture and murder.

We believe it is possible to stand for human rights *and* to protect US national interests against communist assault, but it involves a policy different from that pursued by Carter and also different from that apparently contemplated by Reagan. The Carter administration thought it was necessary to get the United States "on the other side of history," believing that "our" side somehow inherently involved, as Carter said, "poverty, social injustice, and political repression" and was therefore destined to lose. There was a sense of guilt about the Carter human rights effort, an acceptance of the view that anti-US revolutions in Nicaragua and Iran were justified and that any new regimes they produced were preferable to those that the United States had "propped up" before.

ALL THIS IS nonsense, of course. By any measure —political freedom, economic development, per capita income, infant mortality, incidence of political jailings and torture—"our side" of history is vastly preferable to its nearest socialist (or Islamic fundamentalist) alternative. South Korea is freer and richer by far than North Korea. People on Taiwan and Hong Kong are better off than people in the Peoples Republic. It is better in Thailand than in Vietnam and Cambodia, and was better in the shah's Iran than in Khomeini's. All over the world, refugees stream constantly from the "other side" of history to ours. The pattern has been maintained this year in Latin America where, given a chance to leave, thousands of people risked their lives to flee Cuba. It is ironic that this demonstration of Cuba's utter failure as a society should coincide with new agitation in other Latin countries to adopt the model. Carter abetted this kind of movement by his failure to defend the capitalist democratic idea.

That is not a mistake the Reagan administration is likely to make. Rather, it is likely to make another: to sympathize with and assist despots and tyrants, simply because they have positioned themselves on our side of history. With few exceptions, the Reagan people tend to be friends, business associates, and ideological soul mates of Latin America's oligarchs and oppressors. The Reaganites are rightly offended by the notion that socialist repression is somehow preferable to fascist repression, but they are unable to see that they can combat the spread of this idea only by helping to end repression of any sort.

Criticizing Carter policy, Reaganites make the claim that when forced to choose between an Anastasio Somoza and a Cuban-backed Sandinista movement, the US cannot do anything in its own interest but back Somoza. That's true, if that's the choice. Many Reagan advisers claim that it is and that it's naive to think other alternatives are available in most Latin countries. But surely, consistent, patient, private US pressure on Somoza to reform his corrupt regime would have made it more viable and able to withstand leftist assault.

Reagan apparently intends to cut off financial aid to the Sandinista government. We believe that would be an error. We grant that Nicaragua is moving toward dictatorship, that it is building up an army twice the size of Somoza's, that there is increasing pressure on the press, and that political debate is being curtailed. However, most of our $75 million in aid is directed at the private sector, where democratic impulses are strong. If the ruling Sandinista directorate wants to convert the country into a Marxist dictatorship, it ought to bear the onus itself, and not be able to claim that the country was abandoned by an ideologically rightist US.

In El Salvador, where the moderate military-Christian Democratic junta is losing ground rapidly to extremists on the left and right, the Carter administration has furnished less economic help than it has to Nicaragua. It also has withheld full-scale military aid, leaving the regime to fight terrorists with rubber bullets and tear gas. If the junta is still in power on January 20, Reagan surely will step up aid and provide weapons. If that's still not enough to hold the center in place, the new Reagan administration will be faced with the choice of backing right-wing oligarchs with a history of repressing the Salvadoran population, intervening directly with US forces, or doing nothing, which might well result in a leftist takeover. One Nicaragua and one Cuba are enough in the region. The Reagan administration undoubtedly will back the rightists. Should this come to pass, the US—at the least—should insist that repression and alienation of the population be kept to a minimum, and exact a promise of immediate reform.

The crisis in El Salvador may spread to surrounding countries—even democratic Costa Rica is under increasing pressure from violent leftists—and so the United States may have to face the unpleasant prospect of backing rightists to forestall a regional disaster. But we do not have to drop our basic human rights principles elsewhere, or pay them only lip service.

Argentina, for example, is under no immediate threat of revolution. In was in 1976, when the military again seized power and instituted a reign of terror. Somewhere between 6,500 and 20,000 people disappeared between 1976 and 1979; since they have not resurfaced, it's probable they were murdered by the security police. Torture was widespread, political activity was curtailed, and press freedom was undermined. The Carter administration put Argentina under justifiable human rights pressure, but even at the height of the repression there, the regime had its American defenders—among them, Ronald Reagan and his vice president, George Bush.

As Reagan said in one of his radio broadcasts in late 1978, "There is an old Indian proverb, 'Before I criticize

(continued on page 8)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

Epping

To the editors:

In the contributor's note to his article on the phenomenon of "epping" (*TNR*, November 15), R. D. Rosen claims to be the author of *Pride and Prejudice* and *To the Finland Station*. Without wishing to detract from Mr. Rosen's considerable achievement in *To the Finland Station*, I must point out that I am the author of *Pride and Prejudice*.

James Atlas
The New York Times
New York, New York

Social Security solutions

To the editors:

The sleeping issue in Stephen Chapman's article about our Social Security system, "Positions, Please?" (*TNR*, November 1) is the effect on our economy of paying Social Security to retirees who do not need it and never have. I speak as one of them—and I shudder every time I get a cost-of-living raise.

The Social Security law, like all our social legislation, was designed to help those in need—the elderly poor, the widowed, the disabled. But in order to get the law passed, its drafters included *all* the elderly and falsely claimed that it was old age insurance based on amounts paid in. It does not take an actuarial expert to see the fallacy in this claim.

We are told the fund is going bankrupt and something must be done. But where is the man or the woman honest enough to come out against welfare for the middle class and the rich? The Sun Belt is full of people for whom Social Security means affording an annual migration, or a second car, or a world cruise. Do these people need cost-of-living increases? Do they need Medicare in its present form? What about the two-income couples who are a growing factor in our retired population?

Charlotte Snelson
Ojai, California

'Doomsday prophet'

To the editors:

To one who lived through the pre-World War II years, Ronald Steel's article, "The War Issue" (*TNR*, November 1) had a familiar ring—Hitler did not mean what he said in *Mein Kampf*, England need not rearm, Winston Churchill was a warmonger. That fallacious reasoning led to the loss of 10 million lives.

We "doomsday prophets" do not believe that the Russian Communist party has abandoned the Marxist-Leninist doctrine of worldwide communist domination. They cannot, for the simple reason that their power over their fellow countrymen is endangered by the mere existence of the Western democracies, which are living proof that the lot of workers in capitalist countries is far better than in communist ones. Power, not ideology, as Lenin said in an unguarded moment, is what the communist movement is really about. To maintain that power, the revolution must be worldwide.

We do not believe, however, that the Russians plan to achieve world domination primarily by force of arms. Rather, they will go right on promoting revolutionary and terrorist activity in third world countries in the hope of preventing raw materials, of which crude oil is the most critical, from reaching the industrialized West. When the West finally awakes from the delusion of detente to find its vital interests threatened, the Russians hope to prevent effective counteraction by the threat of overwhelming military force.

H.C.H. Darley
Houston, Texas

Ireland's mess

To the editors:

Jack Beatty's article on the Ulster troubles was excellent, though he might have mentioned that one cause of the mess was the "gift" of Ireland to England in the 12th century by Adrian IV, the only English pope.

Beatty also overlooked Ulster's limited but successful experience with religiously integrated education, which, if implemented in the 1920s, might well have blunted the sharp differences between Catholics and Protestants. Although polls in the 1970s showed that five out of six Ulster Catholics and Protestants would go along with integrated schooling, religious leaders in both camps nixed the idea.

Although Americans could learn a few things from the Irish experience, there are, unfortunately, people like Daniel Patrick Moynihan who would use federal aid to promote religious segregation in education in the US.

Edd Doerr
Silver Spring, Maryland

Inherent human rights

To the editors:

Morton Kondracke, like most "liberal" columnists, is still trying to throw a scare into other liberals over the possibility of a "constitutional amendment banning abortions" (Politics: "A Doubtful New Order," *TNR*, November 15). He doesn't seem to realize that a human life amendment wouldn't do any "banning" at all. The actual "banning" would be done by the implementing legislation, which presumably would include all the qualifications that make our homicide laws so humane (e.g., discretion of prosecutors over which cases to prosecute, the principles of self-defense and justifiable homicide, mitigating circumstances, degrees of intent and malice, etc.).

The amendment itself simply would reverse the Supreme Court's abortion decisions (after all, they are what made this a constitutional issue)and the reasoning behind them. In 1973, the Supreme Court ruled that it "need not resolve the difficult question of when life begins" because it could decide that an unborn child is not a legal "person" even if he or she is a human being. This positivistic reasoning already has been applied to some cases dealing with the handicapped and the terminally ill in the federal courts, with ominous results. It seems to imply that human rights are not inherent at all, but are privileges that the state bestows only on those who are useful to it; presumably, it means that the idea of an international "human rights" violation is meaningless, because there is no international government capable of bestowing "personhood." In response to this, the simplest version of the human life amendment would say two things: (1) that all human beings are legal persons, regardless of age, health, or condition; (2) that human beings' offspring are also human beings, both before and after birth. The first statement is a simple reaffirmation of the human rights tradition celebrated by the Declaration of Independence; the second is a simple biological fact.

I've been asking my fellow liberals

(continued on page 47)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a man, I walk a mile in his moccasins.' Patricia Derian and her minions at Mr. Carter's human rights office apparently haven't heard of it. If they had, they might not be making such a mess of our relations with the planet's seventh largest country, Argentina, a nation with which we should be close friends."

This statement, particularly at the time it was made, bespeaks a dismal lack of sensitivity for human rights. One could say that at times and in places Carter's human rights policies have been excessive or naive, but not in 1978 in Argentina. Jacobo Timmerman, the courageous Argentine editor now in exile, says that, in fact, Carter's human rights policy "saved thousands and thousands of lives" in Argentina. We hope that Reagan will pursue similar policies and that when his first term is completed, the same may be said of him.

That may be said of Reagan if he can establish steady, resolute policies which encourage peaceful development in Latin America and discourage violent revolution and repression. It may be said if Reagan can make Latin America an area of urgent political and economic attention for the United States. It may be said if he can find a formula for moderate attempts to improve human rights in the area—not necessarily by trying to make despots into democrats overnight, but by inducing them, at the least, to respect the rights of their citizens to life and security.

White House Watch

Adjusting to Reagan

In this journal last summer ("Preferring Jimmy," *TNR*, June 12) I wrote the following about our incoming President: "Ronald Reagan is an ignoramus, a conscious and persistent falsifier of fact, a deceiver of the electorate and, one suspects, of himself." I also wrote that at age 69, turning 70 in early 1981, he was "too old to be beginning a first term in the presidency."

President-elect Reagan so far has given me no reason to withdraw a word of that judgment. I remain sorry that he was elected and that Jimmy Carter was denied a second term. But the fact that Reagan was chosen in an electoral (though not a popular) landslide must be accepted. So must the fact of voter choices in congressional and other contests that, along with the election of Reagan, demonstrate a massive disillusion with concepts that generally are labeled "liberal." That demonstration is painful to me, and I hope it's a passing phenomenon, but mine is not the pain of your professional liberal. I was born a southern conservative, Jimmy Carter model, long before he was, and embraced a fairly wide spectrum of "liberal" concepts long before he did without ever pretending to be a practicing liberal in the usual meaning. Certainly, in these pages, I have never pretended to be a liberal addressing other liberals and telling them what they as liberals should think and do. If they are worthy of a label that I don't claim, they don't need that sort of preachery, anyhow. So—call me neuter and I'll get back to my business of observing as best I can what's doing with and around the presidency.

What's doing just now is Ronald Reagan trying to show what he'll be like as President and everybody else trying from their various viewpoints to adjust to the prospect. This requires a lot of adjustment, by Reagan and by those others.

Reagan, for example, evidently does not want to be remembered now as the Reagan who in 1976, going for and missing the Republican nomination for president that year, told his crowds again and again and again that the Panama Canal treaties then in early negotiation had been secretly conceived and were being secretly foisted upon an unsuspecting Congress and public. He kept saying this after he was confronted (by this reporter, as it happened) with proof that the intention to begin negotiations had been announced by the US and Panamanian governments and that subsequent stages in the negotiations had been publicly announced and discussed. He occasionally denounced the "giveaway" of the Canal during his 1980 campaign, though not with the blatant distortion of fact that he perpetrated in 1976. And—saying this is part of necessary post-election adjustment—it must be assumed that if he were asked about it he'd note with his usual grace of manner that the treaties are so written that he as president cannot abrogate them by fiat, as Jimmy Carter abrogated the defense treaty with the Taiwan government in 1978. In this as in so many other matters, Reagan makes a virtue of bowing to necessities that he once deplored, and for an incoming President that can be a considerable virtue.

At this writing on November 19, Reagan for all his introductory bustling about Washington and his super-busy transitionists has shown very little more than his capacity to duck his past about the kind of President he'll be. Citizens with some care for social compassion must take comfort from the expressed unease, in a few instances the anger, of far-right conservatives who have thought Reagan to be one of them and are wailing about the predominance of former Nixon and Ford administration figures in his transition organization. If the predominance means what the disturbed rightists take it to mean—namely, that Reagan is going to give them another dose of what they consider to be excessive Nixon and Ford moderation instead of the rotgut reactionism he's led them to expect—they are welcomed by this reporter into the varied legions of the deceived. But nobody outside of Reagan's inner circle, and quite probably nobody within it, can say with certainty or substantial supporting evidence that Ronald Reagan will in fact be or try to be the moderate, centrist President that his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

performance since the election may be read to indicate he intends to be.

The voluminous leakage from what Reagan at his first post-election press conference in Los Angeles and his adjutants in Washington proclaimed to be a leak-proof preparatory operation is a source of more amusement than instruction. Rumors of his Cabinet selections are meaningless until the selections are made and announced. The leaks from the numerous policy task forces, and particularly from the budget hackers under former budget director Caspar Weinberger, establish nothing more than the predictable difficulty of cutting the current and upcoming Carter budgets enough to finance the promised expansion of defense expenditure without creating a deficit even bigger than the looming Carter deficits. Some of the reported and a few announced organizational notions seem very odd, though that may be because they depart from the conventional norm. The most remarkable of these notions is that Republican senator Paul Laxalt, aided by six assistants—presumably to be on the White House rather than the Senate payroll—will have White House offices and will serve Reagan as his principal communicator with both houses and both parties in Congress. Laxalt tells *Time* that this is intended. As of November 19 neither Laxalt nor Reagan had consulted Senator Howard Baker, who will be the Republican majority leader in the next Senate, about this unprecedented, constitutionally doubtful, and probably unworkable arrangement.

So the caring citizen is reduced to wait-and-see, not necessarily until the inauguration next January 20 but at the soonest until key personnel selections and basic policy decisions are announced. If the media, including this journal and this writer, should have learned anything from the 1980 election and its total outcome, it is that nitpicking is no substitute for perception and that the Reagans of this world can change for the better when it's convenient for them to do so. Let us pray that this one has or will.

John Osborne

Getting the Constitution off our backs.

Bus Rout

If the antibusing amendment passed by the Senate last week is a portent of the changes to come under Republican control, one should not expect the full-scale assault on entrenched liberal policies that some conservatives promise. Much more likely is a series of confused, penny-ante measures that manage to flout the Constitution without confronting the genuine issues involved. The appropriations bill approved by the Senate included a rider, sponsored by Strom Thurmond and Jesse Helms and already endorsed by the House, to forbid the Justice Department from bringing "any sort of action to require directly or indirectly the transportation of any student to a school other than the school which is nearest the student's home." This falls far short of prohibiting busing to integrate schools, which would require another law or, more likely, a constitutional amendment. Hence it will not stop busing that is already going on, and may do little to prevent additional busing from being ordered by the courts. It is probably unconstitutional, however, in which case it will be purely meaningless, except as a reflection of Congress's disdain for the judiciary. The rider suggests that the new majority in the Senate may find any means justified in its pursuit of conservative ends.

The issue, as Jesse Helms sees it, "is how much longer are we going to allow the federal bureaucrats in the Justice Department to torment the little children of this country and in the process continue to destroy the quality of education in America." Strom Thurmond and other supporters of the rider insist that the opposition to busing includes blacks as well as whites, though Thurmond's sincerity and sensitivity to black concerns may be doubted (see box on page 10). Obviously busing is not an ideal solution, but Helms and Thurmond have offered no other way to deal with cases of systematic segregation in the schools—of which there are plenty.

Congress has tried to discourage busing through the appropriations process before. In 1977 it forbid the Department of Health, Education and Welfare (and its offspring, the Education Department) from forcing school districts to use busing to integrate their schools as a condition for getting federal funds. The courts eventually upheld this restriction, but only because the Justice Department still had the authority to ask for court orders requiring busing. That way the federal government could ensure its funds were not being used to perpetuate deliberate separation of the races.

It is the Justice Department's authority, of course, that Senator Helms now wants to reduce. The Justice Department, unlike HEW, never had the direct power to force school districts to desegregate by withholding federal funds. It can only ask the courts to rule a school district in violation of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 or the Fourteenth Amendment and suggest to the court ways, including busing, in which desegregation might be achieved. The power to order busing belongs entirely to the courts. If none of the plaintiffs suggests that students be bused, though, the court can't order it. The theory behind Helms's rider is that depriving the Justice Department of the right to recommend busing will hamstring busing-prone judges. But this result isn't certain. Nothing would prevent other plaintiffs, such as civil rights groups, from asking for busing, thus giving the court the latitude to order it.

But the antibusing rider would hamper the Justice Department's crucial adversary role in desegregation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reminders

"Blacks have one of the best friends they could have in me. I believe in equality for all."
—Senator J. Strom Thurmond, the new chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, *Associated Press*, November 7, 1980.

"There are not enough troops in the army to force Southern people to admit Negroes into our theatres, swimming pools and homes."
—Thurmond, quoted in *Deep South States of America* by Neal R. Pearce (Norton, 1974).

"Let us tell the [federal government] that the intermingling of races . . . is impractical and impossible."
—Thurmond, *New York Times*, August 1, 1948.

"Neither he nor any other Negro will ever be the guest at the governor's house in Columbia as long as I am governor."
—Thurmond, Charleston *News and Courier*, October 26, 1948.

"In South Carolina, Negroes are voting in large numbers. Of course, they are not so well qualified to vote as are the white people."
—Thurmond, *Congressional Record*, 1957.

"Down South we are having no racial disorders. We are having no racial tensions. We are not having crime or juvenile delinquency. We have a segregated life which both races enjoy."
—Thurmond, *Congressional Record*, 1960.

"There is another thing we can do to help, and that is pass an antiriot bill to deal with these people like Martin Luther King . . . and other people who run across state lines to incite and stir up riots, dissension and trouble. . . ."
—Thurmond, *New York Times*, August 1, 1948.

(Thanks to Mark Ragan of the Anderson, South Carolina, Independent.*)*

cases, and significantly diminish the resources it can bring to bear on behalf of plaintiffs. In a case where busing has been ordered already but litigation still hasn't been concluded, as in the Boston school system, the department may be forced to withdraw. Likewise if it were to sue a school district and the court were to order busing, the Justice Department apparently would not be able to participate in an appeal. If a school district chose to defy a ruling that it must come up with a busing plan, the federal government might not be able to do anything about it, since enforcing a court order apparently would be considered "an action to require" busing. In fact, the Justice Department might be prevented from ever getting involved in school desegregation cases, since any such case may lead to busing.

This last problem brings up the constitutional issue. By restricting what the executive branch can do in enforcing the law, this measure almost certainly violates the separation of powers provision of the Constitution. "The constitutional problem is that the President has the duty to see that the laws, including the Constitution, are faithfully executed," says Robert Bork, a conservative scholar who served as US solicitor general under presidents Nixon and Ford. "If some busing is essential in some cases to enforce a right, then it may be unconstitutional for Congress to forbid the president from asking for the only remedy available." By making it impossible for the Justice Department to do anything to promote busing, even in those school districts which have made brazen efforts to discourage integration, Congress would be making the federal government an accomplice in a violation of the law.

Plainly this is not the way to go about putting an end to busing, even if one concedes the wisdom of the aim. The rider merely tinkers with busing, but it rips great holes in the Constitution—not what one would expect of "strict constructionists." If Helms and Thurmond really are serious about getting rid of busing, and not just intent on tweaking liberals and winning cheap points with voters, they have an obvious alternative—namely a constitutional amendment. Helms, in fact, has introduced such an amendment in the past, and that is where he and other conservatives should concentrate their energies. If popular sentiment is as overwhelmingly opposed to busing as Thurmond and Helms think, then their chances of amending the Constitution should be pretty good. If conservatives sincerely believe the Constitution has been distorted into an unrecognizable shape by reckless liberal judges, the answer is to clarify the Constitution. But the disregard for the Constitution reflected in this amendment suggests that many conservatives are perfectly happy to see the Constitution twisted, as long as they're the ones doing the twisting.

Stephen Chapman

Notes on Bambicide.

Pass the Buck

While hunters hunt deer, Sykesville, Pennsylvania, hunts hunters. Beginning the day after Thanksgiving, round the clock until hunting season opens Monday morning, Sykesville has its annual pancake fry for deer hunters. Over the past 20 years enough dayglo hats and vests have packed away enough pancakes and sausages to build Sykesville a new town hall. The sight

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of all those hunters piling out of Pittsburgh north on Route 119 drives some people crazy. Bambi wobbles into our minds; they protest that deer are not just deer. These people are guilty of loving venison.

Like so many other loves, the passion for deer meat may be heightened by the difficulties in achieving consummation. Though differing from state to state, deer season generally lasts about three weeks, and during that time an estimated 2.5 million deer will be taken. Figuring that an average deer will yield 87 pounds of usable meat, that works out to over 200 million pounds of venison, not one ounce of which will you find in store or restaurant, because the selling of meat shot as game is illegal. To the hunter goes every bite of the spoils.

When venison does appear in a restaurant or butcher shop, it usually has been imported, often from New Zealand where, until recently, deer were so numerous they were considered a pest animal. New Zealand exports almost six million pounds of venison a year; most of it goes to Europe, but 180,000 pounds makes its way into the United States. Another source for commercial venison is private, licensed preserves where deer are raised and sold. Often the breeding stock on these preserves are the European red or fallow deer, possibly to distinguish them from the wild American deer, the native Whitetails and Mulies.

THE ATTEMPT to limit commercial use of wild game began around the turn of the century following hunting excesses that have become part of American legend. But such prohibitions are unique neither to America nor to this age. As long ago as the 15th century, selling or buying deer meat was illegal in England, a country so keen on protecting the sport of kings that under the Normans, poachers were blinded or maimed. In the 16th century, Andrew Boorde, writing about venison, warned, "I do advertise every man . . . not to kill, and so to eat of it, except it be lawfully, for it is a meat for great men."

In 1671, the freedom to kill game—even on your own land—was further restricted to a limited group of "qualified" persons, and more than ever venison showed up only on the tables of the great or the poacher—eaten ostentatiously by the one and quickly by the other.

In rarity lies fashion, and Gervase Markham, a cookery writer of the day, offered a recipe for those who aspired to greatness but were not prepared to poach their privilege. Into the marinade in which game would ordinarily be steeped, he suggested, you might instead pop "a steep beef or a ram-mutton." Let these sit overnight and, he assured the hostess, "you may take the first for red deer venison, and the latter for fallow, and a very good judgement shall not be able to say otherwise, than that it is of itself perfect venison, both in taste, colour and the manner of cutting." Ah, the false promises of the recipe writer. Was it Markham's work which had fallen into the hands of the hostess who failed to fool Samuel Pepys? He wrote in his diary of January 6, 1660, " . . . the venison pasty was palpable beef, which was not handsome."

Despite the age-long fears of kings and conservationists that the deer will disappear, they are on the increase in the United States, up to an estimated 19 million this year, up from 11.5 million in 1973. Restrictions placed on hunting and better management of herds have been partly responsible, but we are also inadvertently producing the kind of environment on which deer thrive. In the northeast particularly, abandonment of small farms has led to an increase in scrub forests, where deer, who are browsers, delight in nibbling the tips of young trees, munching on apples, and, if they are lucky enough to find a full grown oak, popping in an after-dinner acorn.

FOR DEER, the rut season is in the fall and at that time the bucks shake their antlers at each other, establish their territory, and round up a harem of does. For most does, the result of this autumnal merrymaking is the birth the following spring of twin fawns, tiny spotted creatures who for the first three weeks of their life give off no scent at all so predators can't find them. But if the herd faces a harsh winter and an inadequate food supply, the doe has an extraordinary solution. Instead of giving birth, she will reabsorb the fetus. Absorption instead of abortion.

When setting hunting limits, game commissioners take into account the size of the herd, the severity of the previous winter, and the adequacy of the food supply. To let a herd grow beyond its ability to feed itself is to assure that many deer will starve to death.

Because deer are wild, the taste and flavor of their meat varies enormously. The condition of the herd, the age of the deer, the treatment of the meat after it's shot are all factors that affect the venison. Hunters recommend that a deer be field-dressed immediately, innards removed, and the meat hung to drain and cool. A deer left to lie about camp and then slung over the hot hood of a car for the 300-mile drive home will taste about the same as a sirloin steak submitted to similar treatment.

A deer shot in the first day of the hunting season will be less sinewy than one who's been chased all over the forest for three weeks; a young buck will be more tender than an old one. It is like chickens: there are roasters and there are stewing hens. But with venison, unless you've shot the meat yourself, you may not know what you've got.

Because of this, venison usually is marinated for anywhere from 12 hours to three days. The meat contains little fat and, if it is to be roasted rather than braised or stewed, it should be wrapped with pork fat or bacon and basted during cooking. (Because it is so lean, venison is a dieter's delight: 120 calories per 100 grams as opposed to beef's 323.)

Traditionally venison is accompanied by sauces incorporating fruit. In the first century Apicius

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

recommended Jericho dates or dried plums, but today red currant jelly seems to have caught the fancy of most restaurant chefs. Another accompaniment you will not find on today's menus, but much favored in Merrie Olde England, is frumenty. A sort of porridge of boiled wheat mixed with milk and occasionally an egg yolk, it has lost pride of place to chestnut or lentil purees or, occasionally, red cabbage.

For the true game lover, the trimmings are nice but not important. All that's really needed is for someone to pass the buck.

Susan Dooley

Susan Dooley is a Washington writer.

A Fool and His Money

Reaganoid

The rejoicing over President de Pompadour's victory on Wall Street is still going on at this writing. This may or may not be a businessman's administration. But it doesn't follow that what it's going to do will be good for business or at least all businesses.

This is the time to keep your money in your pocket, to stay cool and liquid. The best advice your fool can give you is do nothing, at least until you see what the Democratic dead men are going to do with taxes in this short session before the 96th Congress waddles into its inconspicuous place in history. If it looks like there will be a tax cut, sell your bonds, assuming they haven't lost so much value already your only hope is to hold on to them and pray they'll recover.

A bond, you'll recall, pays a fixed interest so that when other interest rates jump above what the bond pays, its price sags. Bond prices already are sagging worse than an old cow's udders, and they'll be grazing the ground if there is a quick tax cut, since potential bond buyers will take that to mean a bigger government deficit and more inflation around the corner.

The first law of Reaganomics is that tax cuts generate a high volume of business and therefore more government revenue and a balanced budget in the long run. Maybe yes, maybe no—but for right now investors had best assume high interest rates without a tax cut and very high rates with one.

Even the Reaganomians, intoxicated as they are with their right-wing pseudo-Keynesianism, know that there are only two ways of handling deficits. The first is for the government to borrow the money. With Washington competing for loans along with home buyers, car purchasers, and companies looking for expansion funds, interest rates must go flying upward. How far upward depends on how this tax cut is written. If, for instance, the Republicans exempt interest from savings accounts from taxation, a lot of people might defer their spending in order to enjoy that heretofore exclusive prerogative of the rich—a jot and a tittle of tax-sheltered income. Detroit would bleed another Lake Ontario of red ink, but the competition for borrowable money might slacken to some extent so that happy honeymooners wouldn't be paying 18 percent mortgages.

As was mentioned last month, the second way to lessen the competition for money and therefore bring down its price, which is what interest is, is for the government to print more of it. "What's plentiful is cheap" certainly describes the dollar. Unhappily, the odious side effect of printing money is inflation. And the Federal Reserve Board, after shrinking the amount of money in circulation last winter, has been printing faster than Scott makes toilet paper.

The theoretically independent Fed capitulated to White House pressure to turn out money. This may have helped lift us slightly off the mud bottom. But lenders watch the money creation figures like hungry osprey and when they see the money growing at 15 to 18 percent, they brace themselves for more inflation and kick up interest rates. (You can play osprey too. Write the Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis, PO Box 442, St. Louis, Missouri 63166 and ask to be put on their US Financial Data mailing list.)

Paul Volcker, the Federal Reserve Board chairman, behaved like all his predecessors in caving in to the exigencies of presidential politics. For the investor, the sagacious stance is to wait and see if Don Ronaldo or the heavies immediately around him give off noises that sound like orders to stop printing money. If they don't and if the weekly numbers from St. Louis continue to look bad, it's time to start thinking about a hedge like gold.

Or there are stocks. After years of being sneered at as a protection against inflation, the common stock again has its advocates. The theory is that a share of stock is a share in something real: a piece of a factory, of machines, trucks, inventory—concrete things that are going to be worth something no matter how much the government pollutes the money.

If you buy this, but you won't or can't spend your time picking your stock, then what you may want is a mutual fund. You put your money in a pool and a professional money manager invests it for you. All you do is take it easy and enjoy the profits. Ha! There are hundreds of mutuals. Some specialize in stocks, some in certain industries; some are strictly for bonds. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nick's Picks . . . Bart's Charts

Now for the answer to the question you've all been asking. While others worry about what a Reagan presidency will mean for domestic social programs and foreign policy, we ask the question, "What's the prognosis for our hypothetical portfolio under a Reagan presidency?" If President Reagan proves to be as much of a friend of Wall Street as Wall Street seems to anticipate, the prognosis should be bright indeed. A return to single-digit inflation will send our bonds with their double-digit yields soaring, while American business, with the predatory federal government finally off its back (except, of course, where it can lend a helping hand), will prosper and the stock market will respond in kind. On the other hand, if it turns out that the economy is as intractable as it has seemed under Jimmy Carter's direction, and inflation and interest rates remain in the stratosphere (helped along, of course, by a tax cut together with a hefty increase in defense spending), it probably will be time to put more money into pork bellies and pray for the best.

In the meantime, as our portfolio becomes more diversified with each round of investments, it is possible to detect various market forces at work in our mythical microcosm of securities. As inflation remains high, the bond markets with their lower-than-inflation yields are down, and so are all three of our holdings in bonds. Rising mortgage interest rates mean a cloudy future for real estate, and our REIT is off slightly. Common stocks in general are experiencing Reagan-induced euphoria, most steel stocks are trading at or near their recent highs, and our investment in Nucor last month already has grown almost 20 percent. And of course our speculative investments in commodities futures continue to fluctuate widely.

The highlights this month have been our pork bellies futures (as usual), the substantial gain by Nucor, and the steadily rising interest paid by our money market fund, Dreyfus Liquid Assets. Our bellies contracts rose to new highs. The original $96,000 investment now is worth over $660,000. Since these contracts call for the delivery of 1,216 tons of bacon in March 1981, we will be cashing in on them during the next couple of months. Selling these contracts will be like parting with an old friend, but the pain of departure will be eased somewhat by the huge profits we'll be taking. Our live cattle contracts flirted with disaster once again this month, but for the second time they rebounded at the last minute, leaving us slightly off from the last round, but with our investment still showing a modest profit. Nucor, our only true common stock (MONY is traded on the New York Exchange but is technically a REIT), shared in the broad-based gains of the post-election market, moving from our purchase price of $60⅝ a share up to $72⅛. While this pales next to our gains in the commodities markets, Nucor is not a very risky investment (at least relatively speaking) and so this increase—especially in so short a time—is quite good.

On the money market front, Dreyfus Liquid Assets, which was earning 9.3 percent interest six weeks ago, averaged a return to 11.0 percent over the last month, and in the last week that has climbed even further to 11.8 percent. In the coming weeks interest should continue to rise before finally leveling off. Since the last round, we have also received dividend checks from MONY and Nucor which were deposited into Dreyfus Liquid Assets. MONY paid us 23 cents a share for a total of $2,588, while Nucor paid 11 cents or $180 in all. Added to this period's interest of $4,221, this gives us $337,413 with which to begin our fifth round.

For this month's investment we will go with the consistent winner, the Templeton Growth Fund. This mutual fund is trading at $8.49, with each share actually worth $7.77—the difference, 72 cents or 9.3 percent, representing the commission we must pay up front since it's a load fund. We will buy 11,778 shares, which will cost us $99,995 and be worth $91,515.

After 21 weeks our portfolio looks like this:

	October 6	November 18
93 Beatrice Foods bonds	$ 85,095	$ 78,120
64 pork bellies futures on margin	492,416	664,602
156 Chrysler Financial Corp. bonds	100,815	98,280
140 Resorts International bonds	98,000	96,600
58 live cattle futures on margin	113,216	102,776
11,250 shares MONY Mortgage	94,219	91,406
1,640 shares Nucor	99,425	118,285
11,778 shares Templeton Growth Fund		91,515
Dreyfus Liquid Assets	330,424	237,418
TOTAL:	$1,413,610	**$1,579,002**

The score so far (since June 20):

Consumer Price Index (estimated)	+ 3.4 percent
Dow Jones Industrial Average	+14.2 percent
TNR's Fool Fund	+57.9 percent

Bart Rubenstein

Bart Rubenstein is vice president of finance and administration of the Media Commentary Council, Inc.

money market funds are mutual funds too. They are not all equally safe or profitable, so you must exercise an informed judgment in picking your fund.

First you have to decide if you want a "load" or "no load" fund. A load fund means your broker can charge you an eight and a half percent commission for buying into it. Presumably loads are slightly more convenient to sell but you're paying a premium for a very small service.

Next you have to decide if you want to buy into a closed or open fund. An open fund will pay you for your shares on the basis of what the whole pool of investments is worth at the time you want to cash out. You literally get your share. With a closed-end fund, you don't cash in your shares with the fund's managers. You sell them on the stock market so that the price you get may be more or less the net worth of your share of the pool. Open-end is safer but not so profitable; closed-end can make you more but you also may lose more.

Once you've made up your mind on those two momentous questions, you'll still have scores and scores of funds to choose from. Before you decide, write for the prospectus of those touted by your

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

friends, your lawyer, or your psychiatrist. The prospectus will tell you what the fund's managers are investing other people's money in—sober, blue chip stuff, hotsy-totsy fashionables, companies in the energy business, or new firms with great promise and greater risk. The same document will also tell you how much the managers are charging for their services. Some people can charge more money because they make more money for their shareholders. So get a look at the record. How well has the fund you're interested in done over the years? See how well it's done when the market is bad. Anybody can make money when the bulls are running in the Pamplona of Wall Street's canyons, but how do they do when the winds blow and the bears prowl?

The guy with the greatest record for making money for his shareholders is John Marks Templeton. From 1968 through 1980, whatever the market was doing, Templeton was scoring an average of 19 percent return on his investors' money. His record during the 1960s, 1950s, and 1940s was just as good. So, even though the Templeton Growth Fund, Ltd., is a load fund, you may definitely want to pay the commission on it. Ah, but there are no sure things. The legendary Mr. Templeton is roughly Ronald Reagan's age. Whether his George Bush will be up to the task is as uncertain as whether Washington's will be.

No other fund around has been such a consistent big winner as Templeton's over so long a time, but the 20th Century Select Investors Fund has come in with an average of 11 percent return these past years. It's done about as well with the bears as with the bulls, and it's a no load fund, so you might want to sniff around it.

There are other funds that have very impressive recent records, but that's the rub—they're all relatively new. Whatever you do, stay away from old Ronald Reagan movie posters. The market for them has topped out.

Nicholas von Hoffman

Nicholas von Hoffman is a syndicated columnist.

The party withers, not the state.

Polish Omens

The events in Poland now portend the coming end of its one-party system, probably of one-party systems in Eastern Europe in general, and perhaps even the end of political parties as we've become accustomed to them.

In August, widespread unrest among the industrial workers on the Baltic coast led to a mass movement demanding the right to independent trade unions. At the end of August, the Communist government entered into negotiations with the workers, and with their leader, Lech Walesa; the government and party then agreed to most of the workers' demands. During the next seven weeks there were three important developments: a crisis within the Communist party and government in Poland, culminating in the dismissal of Edward Gierek and in the appointment of the previously little-known bureaucrat Stanislaw Kania; steadily increasing criticism of the Polish compromises and of the workers' movement by Poland's neighboring communist states, especially East Germany and Czechoslavakia; an attempt by the regime to water down some of the agreements, including a court decision to the effect that the constitution of the new unions must include a statement accepting the supremacy of the Communist party. The workers refused to accept this and threatened a general strike on November 12. After a quick consultation with the Kremlin, Kania and his government returned to Warsaw to negotiate with the workers' representatives; on November 9 the Supreme Court overturned the decision of the lower courts, and the threat of a general strike was lifted. On November 14 the head of the party met with the head of the workers' movement—a de facto recognition that the monolithic rule of the Communist party in Poland was a thing of the past. The threats and the pressure on Poland by her communist neighbor states continued.

These events also led to a rapid increase in all kinds of free expression in Poland. In a poll taken three weeks ago, Poles indicated that in a free election no more than three percent of the voters would choose the Communist party and that many Poles feared the possibility of Soviet invasion, though a majority thought that such a move would be resisted with force.

A second front has emerged in Poland, independent of the Communist party and of its subordinate organizations. Its very existence demonstrates that the monopoly of the Communist party over Polish public—public, and not merely private—life has been broken. This second front is formed by millions of workers. They and their leaders say that they are not a political party. That is true; but they are a political force. This force may be—temporarily—split, suppressed, or even crushed by the Russian army. Yet even then it will be reborn, sooner or later, not only because of the patriotism and the resolution of its millions of members, but because the authority of the Communist party is damaged beyond repair. Ten thousand Russian tanks will not be able to restore it.

The present second phase of the crisis between the new unions and the government in Poland has come about for many reasons, of which the most important has been the insistence of the government and of its "courts" that the new unions "recognize the supremacy of the Communist party." Were it not for the Russians, the recognition of the "supremacy of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Communist party" would mean little or nothing, because the idea of communism in Poland is dead. The Communist party in Poland, as indeed everywhere else in Eastern Europe, consists of all kinds of people, except two categories: idealists and revolutionaries. There are men within the communist hierarchy of Poland who believe that some things may be desirable and that other things may be allowable; that some things can be done without the Russians while other things should not be done without them; but these profound soul-searchings involve all kinds of thoughts about Russians, and not about varieties of communism. This may amount to a certain kind of cautious patriotism, but this kind of patriotism is no longer enough. The best men and women in the communist hierarchy of Poland may be patriotic opportunists rather than convinced Communists. But opportunism is not enough either. In any society a ruling class will not maintain itself for long when its convictions are gone—a truism which applies to Bulgarian revolutionaries as well as to old Anglo-Saxons in Boston. The new class in Eastern Europe, whereof Milovan Djilas had written, cannot maintain its power for long because its own members have ceased to believe in anything besides their own careers. This is even true of the vicious nationalists among them, of people such as "King" Ceausescu in Romania or of "General" Moczar in Poland.

WHAT WILL happen with the Polish union movement, or with Lech Walesa, I cannot tell. But the monopoly of the Communist parties in Eastern Europe is eroding. Of course this erosion, under the surface, began much earlier than we have been accustomed to think. In every Eastern European country the party depends increasingly on the administrative (and not merely on the productive) abilities of non-party people. This is why Kádár said, in 1962, to the Hungarian people—and not merely for the purposes of internal pacification—that "whoever is not against us is with us." He plainly suggested that Hungary would neither prosper nor prevail through the Communist party alone. It is true that, except for Poland, in Eastern Europe the non-party elements of the nations have not yet formed a second front; it is true that these countries are still governed by a state hierarchy which, though not identical, is inseparable from the hierarchy of the Communist party (almost everywhere the most important person in the state is the secretary-general of the Communist party and not the prime minister of the government). Yet the Communist parties, though appearing unbroken from the outside, have become increasingly hollow.

What we are seeing now is the final phase of the demise of communism, at least in Europe. But the end of something is also the beginning of something new.

Had Poland or Hungary or Czechoslovakia escaped Russian occupation after World War II, their political systems, *mutatis mutandis*, would have been similar to those of Western Europe after its Anglo-American liberation and occupation: there would have been a restoration of political democracy, with its concomitant parliamentary and multiparty system. Had the 1956 Hungarian revolution succeeded—or, more accurately, had the Russians then acquiesced in the independence of Hungary—the result would have been largely the same. What is happening in Poland now is something quite different. The new political force, the second front that has crystallized, is not a political party; and when the leaders of the Solidarity union movement insist upon this, they are not merely trying to make a virtue out of necessity.

At the end of World War II Stalin—who was a realistic statesman, not a revolutionary—made a great mistake whose results now are coming home to roost. He wanted to secure Eastern Europe within the Russian sphere of interest. In order to make this condition iron-bound he forced Communists to take over the governments of Eastern European countries, even though there were plenty of non-communists in these nations who understood that their countries had to maintain the best possible relationship with Moscow. Stalin forced the identification of the state with the party. This was the main source of the cold war, this Russian brutal pattern in Eastern Europe which suggested to the United States, wrongly, that, having conquered Eastern Europe, Stalin was about to extend communist rule to Western Europe.

Earlier, during the war, Churchill and Roosevelt hoped to achieve the recognition of Eastern European states within the Russian sphere of interest but without an iron curtain, with governments that would be dependably pro-Russian without being communist-policed and totalitarian. This was the pattern of Finland, and of Finland alone, a case on the margin of Eastern Europe, about which Russians and Americans tacitly agreed. What is happening now is a new version of the above—Polandization, rather than Finlandization. The working people of Poland know that they must accept the supremacy of the Soviet Union in their part of Europe; what they will not accept is the intolerable dictatorship of the Communist party within their nation, since that party is incompetent, corrupt, and hollow.

The other Eastern European communist leaders know this. This is why the East Germans and the Czechs have reacted even more strongly than the Russians: they, even more than the Russians, have nothing to gain and everything to lose from the ending of the monopoly of the Communist party in a neighboring state.

The Russian case is somewhat different. For many reasons—some known to us, some known only to themselves—the Russian leaders, too, are loath to accept this kind of Polandization. They have only themselves to blame for their troubles. Had they separated state from party, they could have solidified their sphere of interest in Eastern Europe with much

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

less trouble than now. After all is said, their relationship with Finland for the last 35 years has been pacific and exemplary; their relationships with Poland, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia have not. Stalin's present successors have not been intelligent enough to realize this, and now time is beginning to run out. If they decide to subjugate the Polish nation, they will have no end of troubles. Unlike in 1945 or 1956, they will find hardly any Poles, including Communists, on whom they can rely. Their only alternative to accepting some kind of slow Polandization of Eastern Europe may be to incorporate some of these countries within the USSR—a step from which even Stalin refrained, except in the case of the three small Baltic republics that had known but a short span of national independence between the two wars. The incorporation of Poland or Czechoslovakia or Hungary within the USSR would be but the beginning of even greater troubles.

IN ANY EVENT, the developments in Poland have stood Lenin and Marx on their heads. So far as Lenin goes, his pattern of 1917 is repeating itself, but at the expense of communism, not in its favor. Lenin, who was a revolutionary, not a statesman, and a doctrinaire rather than a political thinker, made one important contribution to revolutionary practice which eventually propelled him into power. He recognized that even through violence and demagoguery the Bolsheviks would be unable to gain a commanding position within the Russian multiparty system. So he chose a second track, a second front, the so-called Soviets (originally an innocuous word, meaning "union" or "council"), and achieved the Communists' domination within the movement of the Soviets, including their "Congress." And now in Poland, a second front—unlike in 1917 in Russia, a true workers' movement—has emerged as the antidote to communism, which is dead and waiting to be buried. It is the party, not the state, that withers away.

And within Russia, too, the party had become the instrument of the state, and not the other way around. This was Stalin's important contribution, and the only summary explanation of his otherwise senseless purges in the 1930s. Between 1934 and 1939 he changed the entire leadership of the Communist party, getting rid of the old revolutionaries and replacing them with obedient automatons, bureaucrats of his state. By 1939 the official Soviet vocabulary reflected this. Phrases such as "state matters," "state decisions," "state security," "state interests" became sacrosanct. When Stalin or Molotov employed them, it was instantly recognized that these were the matters of the highest importance, while references to the class struggle or to the cause of world revolution belonged to the older categories of accepted pieties. When Nixon met Brezhnev in the Kremlin they understood each other very well; both were statesmen, both of them understood the absolute primacy of state (Nixon called it "national") interests; Nixon could recognize the Russian counterparts of his Haldemans and Ehrlichmans. Yet in Russia, too, the identification of the party with the state has become an element of weakness, not of strength. In Russia, too, the everyday administration of the country depends more and more on people who are either not party members or to whom party membership is but a necessary formality, meaning nothing. In Russia, too, a second front will come about, sooner or later, even though it is yet far from crystallizing, because of the peculiar Russian conditions and traditions, the unquestioning acceptance of the power and the rhetoric of the state by a still largely primitive people.

In the different world of the United States, too, our two great parties are now hollow shells. There are American conservatives and American liberals, American environmentalists and American technocrats, American pro-abortionists and American anti-abortionists. But where are the masses of convinced Republicans and convinced Democrats of not so long ago? Sooner or later there will be fewer of them than cigar-store Indians; the surviving exemplars may have to be preserved and glazed and sent to the Smithsonian. There are, alas, many Americans who do not know that the Constitution of the United States has nothing in it about political parties; that the conventions, the primaries, the publicity, and the nomination procedures of the parties, the entire carnival of bunkum, grew up during the last 150 years into a sacred national institution like the World Series (which, of course, is not a world series at all). In this country where so many of our institutions now are arteriosclerotic, we must recognize this condition: our parties are no longer capable of furnishing true leadership, because they have allowed their functions to degenerate, even beneath the low level of popularity contests, to mechanical campaigns of mindless publicity. Yet those Anglophile liberals who think that the way of reform lies in the direction of an American multiparty system and of parliamentarism could not be more wrong. Multiparty parliamentarism belongs to the 19th century. In the event of a great national crisis we, too, will see the emergence of a new force around a leader—good or bad but, in any event, truly popular and impressive—outside the two existing parties and outside the preserved carcass of our ossified politics.

But enough of these speculations. What will happen in Poland may foretell what will happen in the rest of the world. There the last party hierarchs know that it is well past midnight. They are tired, gorged with food, but slightly sick to their stomachs. The party is over.

John Lukacs

John Lukacs is the author of *The Last European War* and *1945: Year Zero* (Doubleday). His *Patricians and Philistines* will be published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux next spring.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How the US paralyzed itself in the Gulf.

The Illusions of Powerlessness

by Elie Kedourie

The Iraqi attack on Iran has made an already dangerous situation in the Middle East fearfully more complicated and perplexing. Oil supplies from both countries have ceased. Other countries in the region threaten to become involved in the hostility—whether willingly or not. The regime in Tehran or in Baghdad or in both might collapse and thus offer openings to a Soviet Union not only in close territorial proximity, but also appreciably strengthened—for the time being, at any rate—by a treaty of alliance with Syria.

Faced with dire contingencies and perilous prospects, Western countries, the US included, find themselves at a loss. How to proceed, whom to befriend, never has been more obscure than in this affair. Even the United Nations, ordinarily so prompt to give tongue, is stricken quite dumb. No cloud, as they say, is without a silver lining, and this episode may at least serve to enhance the disrepute of this disreputable organization.

But if this should come to pass, it will not be through the agency, or by the exertions, of the Western powers. In their public behavior, the Western powers, the US included, have given the impression of not being able to decide what steps to take in order to protect the great interests threatened by the fighting at the head of the Gulf. True, they have declared that the Straits of Hormuz must be kept open; they have assembled, we are told, large numbers of naval ships in the vicinity, and the US has dispatched several observation planes to Saudi Arabia in order, no doubt, to deter the Iranians from attacking Saudi, Kuwaiti, and other oil wells and installations.

None of these moves, desirable as they might be, amount, on the face of it, to a policy or even to the beginnings of one. The sudden and formidable assault by the ruler of Iraq on his eastern neighbor has served to show that the assumptions and anticipations of the Western powers were far removed from reality. Not long ago the EEC powers assembled in Venice came out with a solemn litany on the absolute necessity of finding a solution for the Arab-Israeli dispute. The assumption underlying this utterance was that, once this conflict was resolved to the satisfaction of the Arabs, EEC interests in the Middle East would be secure. We may suspect that only electoral necessities prevented the US administration from endorsing an analysis which it had favored prior to President Sadat's visit to Jerusalem, and which it had not really given up. Those skeptical of this approach always have asked through what chemistry a settlement of the Arab-Israeli conflict could make the Middle East a haven of security and peace. The Iraq-Iran fight now will have answered their question. However, this is not to say that another EEC summit will not once again, with a creditable consistency, automatically repeat, at the first opportunity, the Venice Declaration of June 1980.

If the shah still had been on his throne, an Iraqi assault on Iran would have been out of the question. However, had it taken place, against all probability, one assumes that the US and its allies would have lent the shah their support (one assumes, perhaps wrongly, since the last few years have shown that support of Western powers for their friends and allies is not to be taken for granted). However this may be, the shah's downfall made nonsense of previous assumptions and policies. But nothing took their place, except incoherent and confused shifts and contrivances which the present emergency has shown to be quite useless.

Thus, following Khomeini's triumph, the taking of the hostages, and the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, it was imagined that some kind of Western policy could be built around a friendly relation with Iraq. Hints to this effect were to be heard in official circles in Washington and London, while official Paris (it is true, more for mercantile than for policy reasons) fervently sang the virtues of Saddam Hussein and his regime. Zbigniew Brzezinski declared last April that the US saw no fundamental incompatibility of interests between Washington and Baghdad. However interpreted, such a view could not but be extremely ill-judged. In the nature of things, the Iraqi regime cannot be securely based, since it is no more than the rule of a clique which has survived only through the ruthless suppression of all potential rivals and opponents, and from which the great majority of the Iraqi population —Shiites and Kurds—are strongly alienated. But assuming the regime possesses staying power—no doubt a reasonable assumption since it has succeeded in surviving for 12 years—how could its interests be conceivably compatible with existing US interests? The very survival of the regime for a length of time prodigious in recent Iraqi experience, the vast and increasing income it has been deriving from oil, the disintegration of Iran, Iraq's superiority over its Arab neighbors in point of population and human resources —all these are reasons why it should entertain vaulting ambitions. Such ambitions cannot but threaten the statelets of the Gulf—whom there is now no power in

Elie Kedourie is professor of politics at the London School of Economics and author of the forthcoming *Islam in the Modern World* (New Republic Books).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the vicinity strong enough to protect—as well as Saudi Arabia, heavy with oil wealth, but surely incapable of defending itself against a determined and unscrupulous neighbor. Regardless, then, of Iran's present enmity, it cannot possibly be true that there is no incompatibility between US and Iraqi interests. For one thing, the US has no hold over Iraq to prevent it from attempting to threaten Saudi Arabia, or extend its hegemony over Kuwait and the Gulf. For another, the US has no means of ensuring that Iraq would not suddenly revive a supposedly dormant alliance with the USSR.

No doubt it was the lamentable state of relations with Iran that made the prospect of an Iraqi connection so tempting. But the local configuration of power in the Middle East happens to be such that the defeat and destruction by Iraq of even the present regime in Iran cannot be considered in the interest of the US. That a superpower should be reduced to such unpalatable alternatives is more than simple mischance or misfortune; it is, more accurately, the fruit of misperception and mismanagement.

Things have come to such a pass that the US is powerless to influence or prevent outcomes at best seriously detrimental, and at worst disastrous. For how can the US possibly help a state, however important its survival, with whom it is involved in serious dispute, and which has behaved in the most inexcusable and scandalously illegal fashion? The irony, of course, is that the US almost has been brought to extend help to Iran, not in pursuit of a coherent policy but in response to what amounts to blackmail over the release of the hostages. The impression of powerlessness is enhanced by the posture into which the US has been forced by its attempts to secure the release of its employees. There has been the attempt to use Qaddafi as an intermediary—an attempt which argues an abysmal failure of judgment, since the US ought not to be on this footing with a regime of this character. Nor was it reasonable to think that Khomeini, drunk with triumph, would heed either the suppliant or his bizarre messenger. Then there was the botched attempt to secure the release of the hostages by force, which, rightly or wrongly, cast American military capacity in a very poor light. And finally, there has been this bargaining, with rumors of secret pressures on the US courts to delay hearings about claims against Iranian funds; of promises to produce confidential papers which might help Tehran to lay hands on the fortune of the Pahlavis; and of other promises to supply spare parts for weapons. Both the style and the substance of policy have given rise to a widespread impression of US weakness. And the further humiliation is that should a bargain be struck with the ayatollah, it surely will attract the displeasure of the Iraqis, whose friendship was sought not so long ago.

This undesirable situation is the immediate outcome of having chosen to make policy over Iran revolve on the issue of the hostages. It is, of course, the duty of a government to seek to rescue its citizens and employees from the arbitrariness and the violence to which they may fall victim in foreign parts. But the public interest is not—by a long shot—synonymous simply with the protection and rescue of private citizens. The Iran problem, before and after the taking of the hostages, raised the gravest issues for the US and the Western alliance, issues which the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan starkly pointed up. These issues were the safety of the sea lanes from the Gulf to Western Europe and Japan, and the continued supply of oil. Both were put at risk increasingly by the collapse of the shah's regime, by the Soviet action which followed —and took advantage of—the paralysis afflicting US and Western policy, and by the war which Iraq has, in consequence, dared to foment. These issues have not been faced or, if faced, are simply given a hard look and passed by. How else may one describe the demonstration effected by unarmed US planes sent to Saudi Arabia, the trade sanctions against the USSR, and the frivolous and dangerous flirtation with Iraq? What the situation called for last November and December was something considerably more forceful, such as US occupation of Khuzestan.

It is difficult to see how anything now can be saved from the debacle. The greatest exertions by the US may not now be enough by themselves, if the European allies continue to be doubtful, tepid, defeatist, and even antagonistic. The Soviets are ensconced in Afghanistan and no one can get them out. They will bide their time and look out for opportunities. A victory by Iraq would spell serious danger to its Arab neighbors, and a stalemate would itself create the very opportunities which the Soviets can exploit. An Iranian victory, however improbable, also would mean great danger for Saudi Arabia and the Gulf. It is a sea of troubles, all typhoons and maelstroms. In this great predicament, our pilots seem past praying for. There only remains the hope that their opponents (Khomeinis, Saddams, Brezhnevs, etc.), by their actions, will (in the words of *God Save the Queen*) themselves confound their own politics and frustrate their own knavish tricks.

Coming:

Khomeini's Stalled
Islamic Revolution.

•

David Pryce-Jones on
the End of the PLO.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who says you can't live on memories?

Pierre and the Swan

by Joseph Nocera

Paris

So. Today you're a glamorous White House aide, but in only two months you'll be unemployed. What's worse, you're not a lawyer, and your job (to tell the truth) didn't give you much knowledge or skill about anything in particular except the functioning of a particular, and decidedly past, presidency. Now don't panic. You needn't starve. I have an idea for you.

If you live in Washington, you probably haven't heard much about Pierre Salinger lately, but here in France he is hard to miss. Turn on one of those French radio versions of "Meet the Press," and he is sure to be a member of the panel. Tune into a TV round-table discussion show, and if the subject is America, Pierre will be there too, explaining Our Way of Life to the natives. Take in a seminar on French-American relations, or travel to Deauville for the American film festival, or attend just about anything else here that has to do in some way with America, and you're more than likely to find that Pierre Salinger has some part in the proceedings. Salinger's performance as the cigar-chomping, blunt-talking, endearingly overweight American raconteur has become as familiar a sight in Paris as the Eiffel Tower. "The inevitable Pierre is everywhere," *Le Monde* was once moved to complain.

Salinger's compulsive talk, talk, talk about America (and about himself), instead of earning him a reputation as a crashing bore, has catapulted him into genuine celebrityhood in France. Salinger stands only a few notches below Jerry Lewis on any Frenchman's list of well-known Americans. And in France, as in America, celebrityhood brings with it certain auxiliary benefits. There is a chance to hobnob with the rich and powerful, like President Giscard D'Estaing. There are invitations to do interesting things like serving as a judge at the Cannes film festival. There is gratifying publicity. Salinger has been the subject of fawning television profiles; his mug has been caricatured in *Le Monde*; he has been interviewed deferentially by provincial newspapers (sample headline: "Pierre Salinger Judges The President"); he even has been made a character in a recent French novel. And French gossip columnists seem to be under the perpetual delusion that Salinger is about to be named US ambassador.

In France, there is even official government recognition of celebrityhood. It's called the Legion of Honor medal, and unlike a certain famous French philosopher, Salinger did not sneer when the medal came his way. He accepted gladly, since the award gave quasi-official status to his title of reigning American savant.

But the best fringe benefit of celebrityhood is that it provides a handsome living. All the free publicity Salinger has garnered over the years has helped create what *Le Monde* calles his "mintable prestige," and Salinger has minted it unabashedly. He commands up to 5,000 francs a lecture, according to one account. He also has held high-paying jobs. It's important to note, though, that he gets the jobs because he's a celebrity; he's not a celebrity because of the jobs. People in France may be dimly aware that Salinger is now the Paris bureau chief for ABC News. They are more likely to remember that he spent five years as a *grand reporter* for *L'Express*, the most influential French newsweekly. But when the French think of Pierre, they don't really think of him as a working reporter. Nor has his celebrityhood come about because of any particular brilliance he brings to his self-appointed role of explaining America to the French. Salinger's insights have all the originality of a competent high school civics textbook.

Being Pierre Salinger is a lucrative proposition not because of who he is or what he does or how he thinks, but because of what he used to be. Practically from the moment he arrived here 12 years ago, Salinger has promoted himself almost exclusively as a former associate of John and Robert Kennedy, a man who once stood at the side of these great men, who has rubbed elbows in Washington with many other somewhat less great men (though great nevertheless) who worked for the Kennedys—and indeed, as someone who *was* one of those other great men.

Salinger does have long-standing Kennedy ties, of course. He began working for them in the late 1950s as an investigator on the Senate Rackets Committee. Salinger was one of the first draftees for the presidential campaigns of both John and Robert Kennedy. Even today, many of his closest friends come out of that era. Salinger is best remembered in Washington as John Kennedy's press secretary, a job he held for the duration of the Kennedy administration, and which he performed, by all accounts, with great panache. But Salinger was not a genuine "Kennedy intimate" or "administration insider." He was devoted and loyal to the Kennedys (he remains so today), which was one of the things they liked about Pierre. But he was not a regular attender of high-level meetings, nor was he privy to the doings of the president's inner council at

Joseph Nocera is an American writer living in Paris.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

times of crisis, nor was he ever likely to be someone the president would turn to for advice.

This illustrates the advantages of going into practice as a former White House aide in a foreign country. In France, Salinger is often described as an "intimate collaborator" of the Kennedys, as a "former member of the Kennedy team," as "a leader, for 25 years, of the Democratic Party," or as "one of the closest friends of President Kennedy." He is, gushed one provincial paper upon being granted an interview with Salinger, "a man of politics who was directly associated with one of the most prominent and dramatic pages in contemporary American history." Salinger does not demur from these descriptions. In fact, he encourages them. "I've never denied that when I first got to France, my Kennedy association was my calling card," Salinger says today. But Salinger stands out even among former Kennedyites for the relentlessly single-minded fashion with which he first spread (and enlarged upon) the Kennedy legend, and later tried to preserve it when it began to erode. Far more than most of his former colleagues, Salinger also has been shameless about what he will do to link himself as closely as possible to the myth. He seems perfectly content to live off its reflected glory, to be seen simply as someone who was once "with Kennedy" (the title of his Camelot memoirs).

After President Kennedy's assassination, Salinger traveled to Europe as a Kennedy representative for the opening of several JFK Library exhibits there. He and Sander Vanocur (now also with ABC News) put together a book of excerpts from Kennedy speeches, with the proceeds going to the Kennedy Library fund. And in 1966 Salinger published his memoirs. *With Kennedy* was a very bad book, but it was full of the sort of gushy stories that helped to build the original myth. Salinger is a master of the pleasant but meaningless anecdote. According to Pierre, it was all one big happy family at the Kennedy White House, from Jack and Jackie ("The White House had brought about a closeness in their relationship, a wider understanding of one another. . . .") to McGeorge and Dean ("[T]here was no truth to the speculation that Bundy's expansion [of power] led to friction with Secretary Rusk."). Salinger, in fact, didn't have a bad word to say about anybody, except a few reporters who questioned what Kennedy was up to in Vietnam. The memoir also showed Salinger's self-promotional talents. "We have Salinger and the press, Salinger and Khrushchev, Salinger and Lyndon Johnson," Marquis Childs complained in *The New Republic*. "On balance, we have more of Salinger than of Kennedy. . . ."

In 1968, after the shock of Robert Kennedy's assassination and the trauma of Chicago, Salinger decided he wanted to get away from it all for a while. Possessed of a French wife, a small château in the Loire Valley, flawless command of the language, and an employer who didn't care which side of the ocean he lived on, Salinger thought France would be an ideal place to put

Vint Lawrence

his life back together. The employer in question was one of those Nassau-based mutual fund companies that flourished for a short while in the late 1960s and early 1970s until their bubble burst. Salinger was given the impressive title of "director," but he soon discovered—*quelle horreur!*—that "the people with whom I was associated wanted mainly to exploit my name and the contacts I had made during my years with the Kennedys." Salinger felt demeaned, besmirched by the whole business (although he continued to demean himself for three presumably well-paid years). "It was a painful experience," he later wrote, "and I was somewhat embittered by it."

But he got over it. In France, Salinger discovered, he had the distinction of "Kennedy intimate" all to himself. The French in general were enthusiastic subscribers to the Camelot myth. What's more, it turned out that France's "American *savant*" chair was unoccupied at the time; the previous tenant, CBS reporter David Schoenbrun, had left Paris in 1962.

So it wasn't too long before Salinger began getting invited to appear on French television and radio shows devoted to the Kennedys or to America in general. He was an immediate hit. Partly this was because Salinger was one American who knew something about France

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the French, which assuaged French egos. Salinger was a *bon vivant!* He loved fine wines! He owned a little château! But mostly it was because of the Kennedy connection and all the stories Salinger could tell about how it was "when I was in the White House" under Kennedy. As anyone who has ever watched French TV knows, the French have not yet mastered the art of the anecdote. Salinger was full of anecdotes and he was good at telling them. Soon he was a star.

Salinger returned briefly to America to work on the McGovern campaign. It did not go well. He became embroiled in something he remembers as "the Salinger affair," in which candidate McGovern sent Pierre to talk to the North Vietnamese negotiators in Paris, then denied it when word leaked out. (Typically, Salinger later wrote an article about the episode for *Life*, ranking " the Salinger affair" with the Eagleton affair as equally important reasons for McGovern's loss.) One of the people Salinger had met because of his Kennedy links was Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, the politician-turned-publisher. Servan-Schreiber liked to think of himself as the most "Kennedy-like" politician in France—full of grace and charm and charisma and that sort of thing. He liked the idea of associating with old Kennedy hands. (Arthur Schlesinger once wrote the introduction to one of his books,) So when Salinger rearrived in France, unemployed, Servan-Schreiber offered him a job on his magazine, *L'Express*.

Salinger's beat was America. Although he continued to live in Paris, his expense account allowed him to commute regularly to the US. He adopted the classic foreign correspondent's approach to the task: read the local newspapers, stir in a smattering of personal opinion, and rewrite briskly. His reportorial coups consisted mostly of copping exclusive interviews with people in power, like Jimmy Carter, Gerald Ford, and James Schlesinger, and then asking questions like: "Mr. President, you've been in office a little more than 300 days. Tell us, what sort of spirit do you find in the American people today?" After the fall of Saigon, Salinger's "reaction story" consisted of an exclusive interview with General Alexander Haig, who was then commander of NATO.

L'Express, anxious to promote its latest journalist superstar, often illustrated Salinger's pap with photos of the reporter at work. There was Pierre taking notes as he talked to President Carter; Pierre sitting in the White House across from Gerald Ford; Pierre standing next to Henry Kissinger. When Salinger was a juror at Cannes, he wrote a two-page article for *L'Express* about what it was like (half a column devoted to his election as vice president of the panel). It ran with photos of Pierre chatting with Charlotte Rampling, and Pierre escorting Jeanne Moreau on opening night. During the 1976 Winter Olympics in Austria, Pierre worked as a commentator for ABC Sports. He wrote about this, too, and the photo showed him in his ABC jumpsuit standing in front of the ABC control room. Once *L'Express* produced a cover story on Ben Bradlee of the *Washington Post*. Pierre did not write the story, but he was the one shown sitting and chatting with Bradlee.

And always—always—there was his link to the Kennedys. When Salinger went to Cuba, for example, the article was heralded not as an exclusive pulled down by a *L'Express* reporter, but as "the first visit to Cuba by a former member of the Kennedy team." Salinger repeated this in his article. When Pierre wrote a "day in the life at the White House" story soon after Carter took office, he made sure to mention early on that things had changed since he had worked there. Another time, *L'Express* published a lengthy excerpt from Khrushchev's memoirs. This gave Pierre a golden opportunity for yet another retelling of the weekend he had spent with Khrushchev when Khruschchev visited the White House. (Not much seems to have happened that weekend except for the prodigious consumption of food and vodka, but thanks to Salinger, it is probably the best documented two days in the life of the former Soviet leader.) Later Salinger published another book about his life in America, entitled *Je Suis un Americain*. It could just as well have been called *With the Kennedys, Part II*, since it was mostly another go-round of Jack and Bobby stories. Of course *L'Express* published an excerpt, accompanied by the usual Salinger-Kennedy snapshot.

OCCASIONALLY Salinger tried variations on the theme. For example, there was an article entitled "The Onassis I Knew" that included this passage: "Tender and thoughtful towards Jackie, it was not difficult, in seeing them together, to understand why the two of them, in appearance so dissimilar, were united." But he always returned to the basic melody. His story on Ted Kennedy's decision not to run for president in 1976, for example, began in this fashion: "Is this the end of the Kennedy era, the end of their triumphs and tragedies, the end of the brilliance and charm with which they have graced American political life over the past 15 years?" Pierre concluded, no. He even once wrote an article defending John Kennedy's sex life. "None of the President's former aides remember [Judith Exner]," he wrote at the time she was making news in the US. "Nor do I." Besides, he added, if Kennedy has slept with all the women he was rumored to have slept with, "when would he have found the time to work?"

Forty years ago Jean Giraudoux, the French playwright, wrote a play that included someone like Pierre. Giraudoux's character was Leda—you know, of Leda and the Swan. In the play, Leda is now a middle-aged harpie, but she still recalls every detail of the time she made it with Zeus. Indeed, that is all she talks about, all she thinks about. She has spent her entire life dining out on that one incident. No doubt there are people in the White House right now who will spend the rest of their lives recalling and reminiscing about that one brief shining hour that was the Carter administration. Making a living out of it may be more of a challenge.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Bergman, Working

"Language is, of course, a problem," said Ingmar Bergman, interviewed recently in Munich where he now lives and works. "However fluently you speak German, you cannot explain to an actor precisely what the emotional meaning of a play is, and what your ideas about it really are." In principle I agree—I've been agreeing for years before he said it, about him and other directors and certainly about actors working in non-native languages: so I went to his new film a bit apprehensively because it's set in Munich and is in German. (No Swedish-German translator is credited; did he write it in German?) I can't judge Bergman's ease in directing the German dialogue because my own knowledge of the language is feeble, but I do have some response to the "emotional meaning" of the film, and it seems to me perfectly comprehended by the cast—quite unlike the cast of *The Serpent's Egg* (1978) which Bergman made in another foreign language, English.

Let's stay with language for a bit. Seeing *Persona* again last spring I was struck with an injustice that has been done Bergman because he is a great director. Perhaps out of fear of making him sound too literary (one of the curse words in film discourse), perhaps out of simple ignoring, he has been scanted as a dramatic author. The sheer *writing* of *Persona* is the work of a great film dramatist: an artist who has mastered the needs and opportunities of film's verbal elements, who understands distillation and evocation and characterization in the service of the whole art in which he works.

It's as writer that he seems to have moved to his latest film, *From the Life of the Marionettes*. The two leading characters, a married pair called Peter and Katarina, appeared previously in the first episode of *Scenes from a Marriage*, where they were Swedish. They were dinner guests of the leading pair, and the evening ended with the visiting wife throwing brandy in her husband's face. They were, says Bergman, "lunatics to be pitied." He has pitied them sufficiently, these "two furious and disastrous persons," to transpose them to Munich, alter them somewhat, and give them a film of their own.

But the key for me is that it's not their film. It begins with, centers on, the murder of a prostitute by Peter; his previous relations with his wife are explored and are important, as is her behavior before and after the crime; but these matters are only the territory of the story, not its being. The film has no protagonist, single or joint: Bergman has designed it to be about several people: the married pair, Peter's mother, a psychoanalyst, and Katarina's male homosexual partner in her fashion business.

The structure moves both ways from that opening murder, with scenes before and after; each scene is introduced—sometimes just after it's begun—by a title that places it in time. Here are some of the building blocks. There's a scene between Peter and the analyst, not many weeks before the crime, in which Peter, a 30-ish and highly successful businessman, reveals his obsessive dream-fantasy: to kill; to kill his wife. He has no reason. They get on well, in bed and elsewhere; they both know that the other has been unfaithful but that's no matter; Peter is simply haunted by this obsession. The analyst is not upset. He asks Peter to come back in a few days when they can have a longer talk: now a visitor is coming to the office. After a hint that he knows who the visitor may be, Peter pretends to leave but hides in the doctor's large office suite. The analyst phones Katarina to come over at once. She does; the analyst tries to seduce her and nearly succeeds. She declines finally because she loves Peter very much and senses that the analyst is trying to hurt that relationship.

Peter, hidden, hears all this but is not visibly either moved or reassured.

There are two long scenes for the gay partner. One, between him and Katarina—the closest to platitude in the film—is before the murder, in which the gay discloses his fears, of aging and loneliness, his self-loathing about the degradations in his sex life; the other—much keener—is after the murder, an interview between the gay and the police investigator. There are substantial scenes with Peter's mother, a widowed ex-actress who lives in a huge, slightly run-down mansion. Of course there are also substantial scenes with Peter and Katarina: an excellent one in which both can't sleep, get up and drink and talk; a letter of Peter's describing dreams of Katarina in which we see, hauntingly, his torment; a scene in which a male friend of Peter's tries to get Peter down off the roof of his apartment house (an echo of a mention in *Scenes from a Marriage*), which ends in a nasty encounter between Peter and Katarina. And there's an epilogue in which Katarina peers through the window in Peter's door at the mental hospital where he will presumably stay forever, while a nurse, standing behind her and facing us with her (a typical Bergman shot), describes his punctilious and aloof

Films Worth Seeing

Airplane! Disaster-picture spoof. Really funny, really fast, really (in two senses) fresh.

Every Man for Himself. Thank goodness, Godard is back to puzzle, irritate, stimulate. A sort of triangle story is the medium for this present exploration.

Kagemusha. A genius, Akira Kurosawa, near the top of his form. War in 16th-century Japan as Homer might have treated it if he had been a modern filmmaker.

Resurrection. Excellent acting in a saggy script about a woman with healing power. As her grandmother, Eva Le Gallienne, at 80, is superb.

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scene from *From The Life of the Marionettes*

behavior. And the film ends with a closeup of the childhood teddy bear in Peter's hand as he lies on his hospital bed.

Nonetheless, the weight of the film seems distributed too much to other characters—mother, analyst, partner—for it to be *about* Peter and Katarina. This contradiction is echoed in the structure, which by moving back and forth on both "time sides" of the crime, has the air of unraveling a mystery, of explaining a psychosis. And this air of explanation is heightened by the penultimate scene in which the analyst tape-records his clinical report on Peter's case, piecing (as he thinks) everything together—Peter's upbringing, marriage, fear of homosexuality, venting of rage on the prostitute, and anal brutalization of her after the killing. The analyst purrs on, quite satisfied.

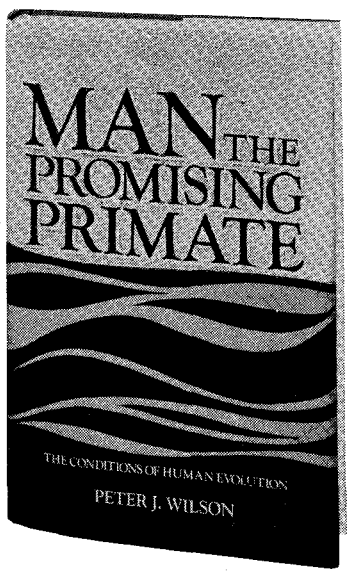
But the film does not explain. For me that taped explanation is Bergman's height of irony. The analyst smugly thinks he understands, as he also believes (so to speak) that the film is about Peter. It's really about all the people in it, brought into focus by Peter's crime. The idea of the film could hardly be plainer: it's in the title. They are all marionettes, including the analyst himself, manipulated by forces they know or don't know but which are irresistible, and it's the more frightening because all of them are intelligent and successful, and two of them have what "ought" to be a happy marriage.

That is the terror at the heart of the film. Do everything you can and want to do, and think you have done, have much that the world can envy, and still the Furies inhabit. Peter, a controlled man—we see a scene in which he dictates a detailed business agreement that shows us how controlled he is—is increasingly trapped in fear. ("All roads are closed," he says several times.) Katarina, beautiful and busy, is beginning to drink a great deal out of growing frenzy-cum-impotence. Peter's mother, who ought to be proud and happy, has competed incessantly with Katarina for her son. The gay partner is a man in an upholstered hell. And the analyst! (Bergman always has a knife out for analysts.) Smooth and hieratic, he lies to Peter about the gravity of his condition in order to get him out of the way because Katarina is coming, lies to Katarina about Peter's condition in order to keep her mind on bed, lies to the police after the crime about Peter's condition beforehand in order to keep himself in the clear—and then purrs a clinical report into his microphone, without realizing that he is part of both the story and the condition. That last is Bergman's worst indictment of him, worse than his deceptions.

Because Bergman's chief subscription is to a belief in dark forces within us. This belief, patent also in many of his previous films, is the closest he comes to the supernatural, a belief that we can contain forces that cannot be exorcised by modern knowledges or even by love. One might even say that Bergman is not mainly interested in character as such, in the dossier of motivations, in psychological study: he makes some root assumptions about a commonalty of resident darkness that we and his people share, and sooner rather than later he concentrates on that darkness. And his films affect us as we do or do

How and why did animal nature become human nature?

Writers in the field of human evolution have generally shied away from this most intriguing and fundamental question. In this new book, Peter Wilson confronts the problem through a bold application of logic to existing evidence on such basic human adaptations as promises and taboos, self-conscious thought, objective reasoning, symbolic kinship, and ritual behavior.



"[Peter J. Wilson] has written an uncommonly stimulating book in the great tradition of Hobbes, Mondobbo, Kames, Hutcheson, Hume, Ferguson, and Rousseau. . . . It is full of original ideas and valuable insights. Moreover, it constitutes one of the best correctives to the sociobiological dogma that has appeared in recent years."
—Ashley Montagu,
The New Republic

$12.95 at your bookstore or available direct from

Yale
Yale University Press
Box 92A Yale Station
New Haven, CT 06520

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not recognize that commonalty. The tonality in this latest film is of Chekhov, in that these are people who, by the standards of their time, have what is prized yet are in anguish; but it's Chekhov laced with Strindberg because what is troubling them is demonic.

Bergman extends this tonality with his direction. I can't remember a prior film of his so largely composed of close-ups, some of them intense. The effect is more than intimate, it's almost awesome, as if the intimacy were freighted with a sense of hovering. The effect is fulfilled by his excellent cast. Robert Atzorn, immediately and unwaveringly true as Peter, looks like a Hamlet who would rather not have the role. Christine Buchegger, humane and poignant as Katarina, has a lovely face that itself seems to be modeling the lights and shadows on it. Martin Benrath, the analyst, looks like the Devil, appropriately; but the homosexual, Walter Schmidinger, is cast against type—a quite commonplace face so that his sensitivities won't seem faintly, comically precious. Lola Muethel, the ex-actress mother, has a face that looks theatrical: a face used to dealing with emotions and now concentrating on her own.

Bergman has also cast with his ear. The voices of these actors are wonderfully orchestrated. Often, though my attention was never tempted to wander, I was bound even more closely to a scene by the sheer sound of it. (Those who think the German language always harsh might have their opinion shaken by this film.) Along with the voices, Bergman integrates sounds by Rolf Wilhelm, hardly a score: drum beats, piano chords, isolated electronic tones.

The cinematography is, as usual, by Sven Nykvist. Adjectives are superfluous. I'm puzzled, however, by one device. The picture opens and closes in color: most of it is in black and white. If Bergman-Nykvist felt that they wanted black and white through most of the film—especially for the "floating" dreams—then why the color at start and finish? I can't see its use in itself or as a needed intensification of the murder.

About Bergman's direction, too—camera movement, editing, evocation of actors—no adjectives. I'll single out just one moment for comment. In the early scene with the analyst, Peter is seated to the left of the doctor's desk, talking. While talking, he gets up, wanders through an open door into the next room, with the camera remaining still; then he returns, still talking, and sits in a different chair, facing the analyst. It's not a movement one is meant to notice as such: I didn't notice it until the second time I saw the picture. It combines, in real Bergman style, theatrical and cinematic gifts. The walk, as an external expression of an inner state of unease, is a felicitous stage movement. (The camera is fixed, remember.) But it also deepens the screen for us and freshens the eye without change of shot. And it also takes us into the room where, very soon, the analyst will try to seduce Peter's wife. It's Peter himself who "reveals" the room to us.

From the Life of the Marionettes was made to involve us through its very making, I think. Because it has no central agonist(s) with whom we are meant to identify, because therefore we watch and understand intellectually and emotionally rather than empathize, it's not as powerful as *Autumn Sonata* (to cite only the most recent Bergman). Its grip is almost phenomenological, experiential, rather than traditionally dramatic. But that experience is so beautifully wrought, so beautiful in itself, that one comes out of the film feeling privileged: initiated into a society that is paradoxically open to all.

John Canaday on art

A Season of Art Books

You can't talk to a publisher these days without hearing a new horror story about the industry's mortal agony, but you'd never believe it from the current crop of art books. There are more than ever and in general they are better than usual, with fewer retreads of popular subjects glossed up for another shot at a proven market, and more on what I would call needed subjects. Among the latter is my choice for best art book of the year, *Cranach: A Family of Master Painters* by Werner Schade, published by Putnam at $50, and a bargain. If I had been asked to guess the price I'd have said twice that much on the basis of uncompromising excellence in production from dust jacket and end papers right on through 476 pages, including 90 color plates and 400 monochromes serving a text that is a pleasure to read, and, for that matter, a delight to look at with its fine typography and occasional ornaments in sanguine.

My enthusiasm for the product, admittedly, is generated in part by my enthusiasm for the subject. Without pretensions to Dürer's philosophical profundity or Grünewald's mystical passion, Cranach the Elder, followed closely by his son, brought to German Renaissance art a leavening of high style that never palls. This book (covering prints and drawings as well as paintings) should make a Cranach fan of anyone who comes into contact with it.

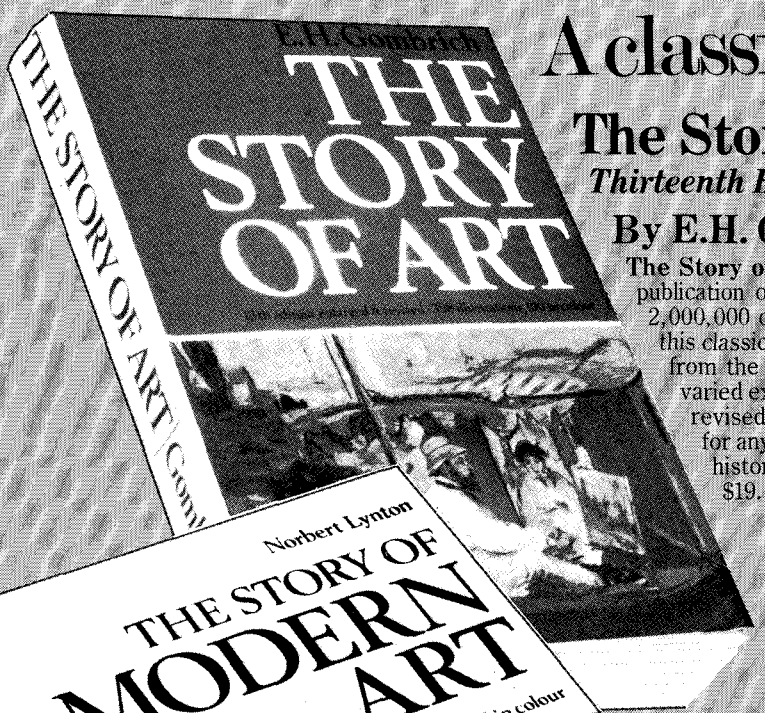
Before getting on to some other "needed" books, there are four in the replay department worth attention. In this classification they apparently are beginning to run out of titles, since there are two big books from different publishers this year both called *The Great Book of French Impressionism*, a confusion compounded by the names of the authors, Keller and Kelder. Neither of the contenders threatens the position of the really great book on the subject, John Rewald's *The History of Impressionism*, now in its fourth edition and still going strong, but each has its virtues, mainly in the large size of the copious plates.

The Abbeville Press could have differentiated its volume by calling it *The Great Big Book of French Impressionism*. It is a mammoth object allowing for foldouts 22 by 15 inches, often with details at full size or close to it, a fine idea. The color in general is at least 80 percent successful, a high yield, although any reader, or looker, may wonder why, on occasion, the color in a detail doesn't match the color of the same passage in the illustration of the painting as a whole. This disturbing contradiction is even more evident in the other book, published by Hudson Hills Press. Are Degas's *Blue Dancers* costumed in vivid azure or, as in the detail on the facing page, a somewhat murky blue with greenish undertones? Are the flesh tones of the nude girl in Manet's *Le Déjeuner sur l'herbe* a pallid no-color, or, as in the facing detail, tawny? The answer in this case is "neither." Color reproduction is tricky stuff—especially difficult in painting

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From Cornell/Phaidon Books—

A classic...



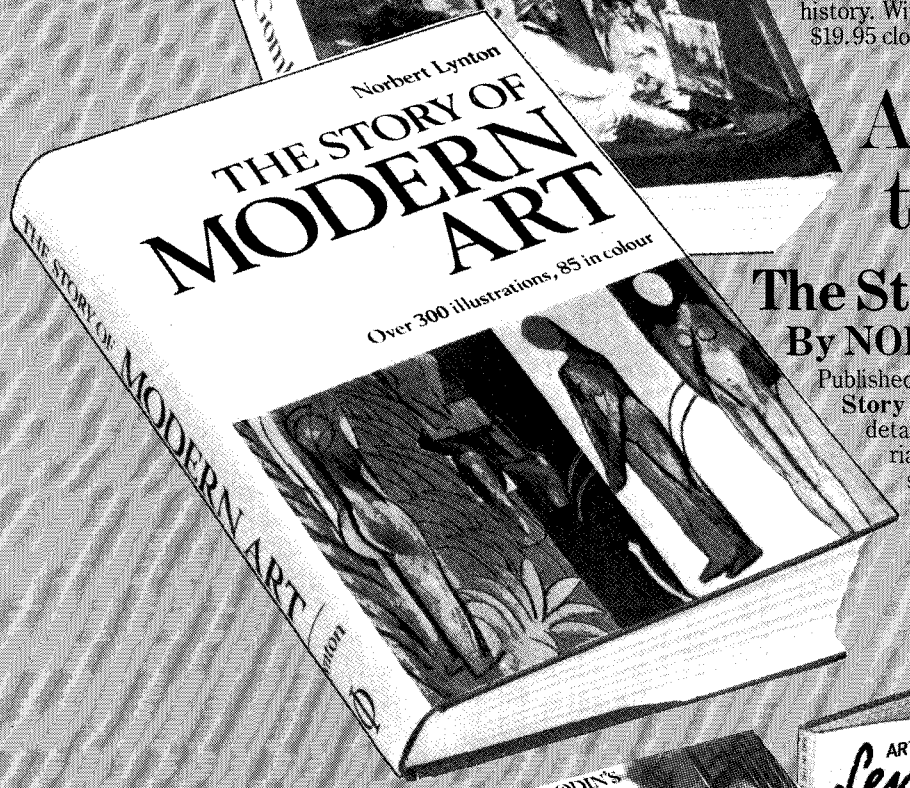
The Story of Art

Thirteenth Edition, Revised and Enlarged

By E.H. GOMBRICH

The Story of Art is a unique book. Widely admired since the publication of the first edition in 1950 (it has sold more than 2,000,000 copies and has been translated into 18 languages), this classic work spans the entire history of artistic creation—from the first stirrings in prehistoric cave paintings to the varied experiments of our own time. Now in an enlarged and revised 13th edition, *The Story of Art* remains basic stock for any bookstore and required reading for students of art history. With 398 illustrations, 100 in color. $12.95 paper; $19.95 cloth

A classic in the making...



The Story of Modern Art

By NORBERT LYNTON

Published in the same format as E.H. Gombrich's **The Story of Art,** this completely new book surveys in detail the art of the twentieth century. Art historian Norbert Lynton discusses all key works and seeks to enable the reader to feel comfortable with modern art. The result is a volume that will make a beautiful and informative addition to the library of every art historian, critic, and connoisseur. "An important new study that will be welcomed for its fresh and perceptive approach."—*The Bookseller.* With 302 illustrations, 85 in color. $35.00 cloth

Recently Published...

In Rodin's Studio

A Photographic Record of Sculpture in the Making

By ALBERT E. ELSEN. "Quite fabulous. . . . Even the casual reader will page with fascination through this gallery of works in progress."—*The N.Y. Times Book Review.* With 152 black-and-white photographs. $24.95

Art in the Seventies

By EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH. "You have only to examine the startling range and diversity of works used to illustrate this knowledgeable text to discover the fluidity of the Seventies art scene."—*John Barkham Reviews.* With 130 illustrations, 30 in color. $14.95 paper; $29.95 cloth

Egon Schiele

By SIMON WILSON. "It is clear from the drawings and oils reproduced in this volume that with his erotic themes and angular lines he was anticipating trends destined to flower a generation later."—*John Barkham Reviews.* With 78 illustrations, 28 in color. $17.50

Cornell University Press has formed an alliance with the Phaidon Press of Oxford, England, in which—under a joint Cornell/Phaidon imprint—Cornell will publish approximately thirty books a year.

CORNELL

Cornell/Phaidon Books
CORNELL UNIVERSITY PRESS
P.O. Box 250, Ithaca, New York 14850

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The Payment" (1532) from *Cranach: A Family of Master Painters*

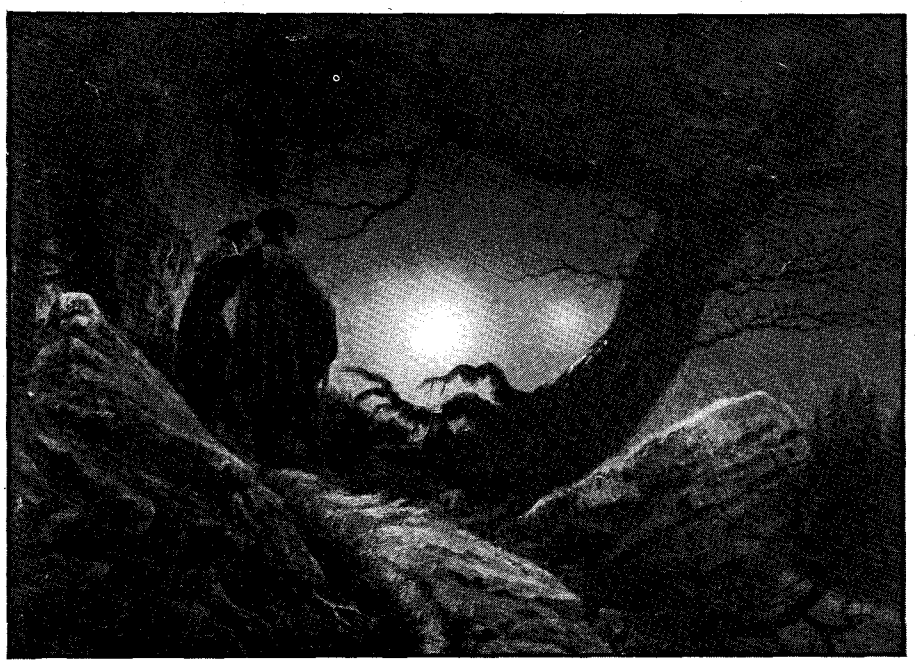
like Impressionism where for technical reasons it may be necessary to sacrifice the purity of one tone to the purity of another—and it is a lucky author who isn't thrown into shock when he first opens his new book and sees what has happened to the illustrations. (I know.) But there are so many aberrant places among the good ones in the Hudson Hills book that I can't feel happy about recommending it.

The relatively brief text in this book (priced at $50) is by Horst Keller, and I suspect that the pedestrian English is an infelicitous translation from a more graceful German. Diane Kelder's text for the Abbeville book is both lengthy and spirited, a happy combination backed up by mastery of the subject. This is a lot of book for $85 through December 31, or even for $100 thereafter.

The other two worthies in the replay department are histories of 20th-century art. First *Avant-Garde Art* by Jean-Luc Daval (Skira/Rizzoli; $85), in coffee-table format, is a stunner visually. To fault the 100 spectacular color plates would be nit-picking, and the 200 black and whites are brilliant. Photography, architecture, and decorative arts treated along with painting and sculpture of the 25-year period (ending 40 years ago) when "Avant-Garde," now a purely historical term, still meant current revolutionary invention. This is a splendid volume, interesting to read and stimulating to look at even if you already are familiar with most of the material.

Norbert Lynton's *The Story of Modern Art* (Cornell/Phaidon; $35), repeating the title of a book by Sheldon Cheney first published in 1941, strikes an admirable balance between pitfalls. All other histories of modern art I can think of, those that pick up the story with Fauvism and Cubism and carry it on to the date of publication, are either impenetrable concretions of minutiae presented in flatfooted prose or soft custards sweetened up for the seduction of uninitiated readers. After a discouragingly dense introductory chapter, Mr. Lynton gets into stride and makes the story read along appetizingly yet without condescension and—hooray!—with a minimum of proselytizing. He is especially good at thumbnail summaries of the work of individual artists within the context of general movements. The book's flaw is that it stops short of considering the significance of the current revival of Realism, settling for a couple of paragraphs and two illustrations of early examples (Malcolm Morley and Richard Estes, not even a Duane Hanson). This is surprising in a book that covers the rest of the century from A to Z, plus such diphthongs as Yves Klein. Perhaps, being British, Mr. Lynton is not aware of what is going on over here. The limitation, however, does round out the book to a natural conclusion, making it a summary of the Age of Experiment currently twitching in its death throes.

Now, as I winnow the record harvest of first-rate art books, there are a couple of personal choices as closest competition to *Cranach* as the most welcome additions to my library: *Ingres* by Gaeton Picon (Skira/Rizzoli; $75) and *Art of the Ancient Near East* by Pierre Amiet (Abrams; $95). I can't see that *Ingres* adds anything much to what we already know of the subject, and the text is of a kind that sounds fine in French but



"Two Men Contemplating the Moon" (1819) by Caspar David Friedrich, from *German Romantic Painting*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The warrior Rōri Hakuchō Chōjun. From *Ehonsuikoden*, 1829. From *The Art of Hokusai in Book Illustration.*

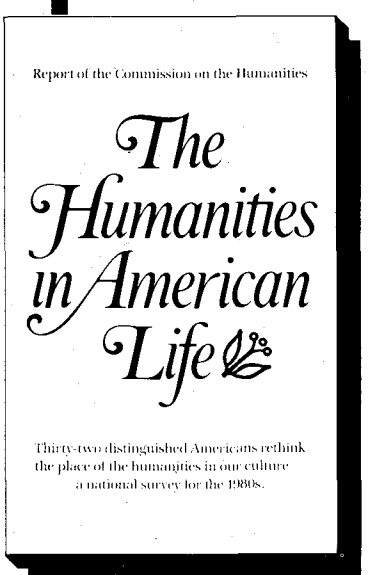
seems inflated by a kind of perfumed gas in translation—moored, in this case, by weightier quotations from Ingres and his contemporaries. But who cares? What pictures! The color plates alone are worth the price of the book. I probably have seen others as good, but certainly none better, and there are 50 of them. That is only $1.50 apiece.

Art of the Ancient Near East is an opulent volume in which the most dramatically photogenic of all sculptures are presented at maximum intensity. (The photographer is Jean Mazenod.) Each photograph is more than a record; it is a revelation by means of adjusted lighting that takes the objects, many of them small, out of their museum cases and puts them on the table in front of you. I confess to not having read enough of the text to be able to comment on it, and in any case I am no Near Eastern scholar, but this is a glorious picture book and any text by the curator of oriental antiquities at the Louvre surely can be trusted.

Some books need only the names of the author and the subject as guarantees of excellence and interest. The combination Hillier-Hokusai is one of these, or Jack Hillier's plus any other Japanese printmaker's name. *The Art of Hokusai in Book Illustration* (University of California Press; $95 until December 31, 1980, $110 thereafter) explores a single area of Hokusai's enormous production (more than 30,000 prints, drawings, and paintings), but it is an area that ranges across the multiple aspects of his work from the kind of topographical view familiar in sheet prints and most closely associated with Hokusai's name in the West to some startling *shunga*, or erotic scenes. Both monochrome and color illustrations are printed with a mat surface like that of the originals; they ring true, with the additional advantage that, being of small size in the first place, they can be reproduced here with little or no reduction. Mr. Hillier writes in a deceptively informal style that is engaging while making no concessions to popularization. This is an expensive book, but one that should offer enduring rewards.

In view of the prices of the books listed so far (and those to come) it is a relief to interpolate comments on the bargain of the year, the soft-cover edition of Abbeville Press's *Mary Cassatt: Paintings and Prints*, by Frank Getlein, at $14.95 ($22.50 in hard cover). A "needed" book? Any book that surpasses previous versions of the subject in a particular way is needed; this one does, unpretentiously, with 72 color plates of high quality faced by the author's comments. Mr. Getlein believes in being readable and proves that wit and sound critical observation need not be mutually exclusive. Mary Cassatt never has

"Lucid, cogent, and relevant . . . a vital document."
—John Barkham


Report of the Commission on the Humanities
The Humanities in American Life
Thirty-two distinguished Americans rethink the place of the humanities in our culture a national survey for the 1980s.

$12.50 cloth, $3.50 paper
University of California Press
Berkeley Los Angeles New York London

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been a great favorite of mine, but if I had seen this book before my ideas jelled, she might have been.

At the extreme opposite end of marketability, *Thomas Couture and the Eclectic Vision* by Albert Boime (Yale; $75) stands no chance at all of popular attention but is a very important book indeed. Eclecticism, now an altogether pejorative term synonymous with sterile borrowing, was for Couture and his fellow 19th-century academicians an effort to build upon all the best of our inheritance from the past as a model for invention; it was a form of veneration rather than parasitism, no matter how self-defeating it seems to us to have turned out to be. Mr. Boime's study is an impressive achievement and, no matter how paradoxical it may sound, a radical one in terms of recent art history and criticism, as radical in its own way as were early critical expositions in defense of modern art. And in examining the international roster of Couture's students, the author shows that Couture probably was the most influential teacher of his generation. Couture, if you don't recognize the name, painted *Romans of the Decadence*, the picture used in history of art books to typify 19th-century academicism. His disagreements with his most famous pupil, Manet, usually are stressed to the exclusion of the strong influence he exerted on the Impressionist master.

Other books with various virtues:

German Romantic Painting by William Vaughan (Yale; $45). Not too many years ago German 19th-century painting was neglected to the point of being virtually unknown in this country, while the fiery French Romantics—Géricault, Delacroix—were thought of as the great revolutionaries against classical dogma. Now the Germans who preceded them, particularly Caspar David Friedrich with his moody exaltation, have come into their own. Here is an absolutely first-rate book, with Friedrich in the lead where he belongs, but with full recognition of his contemporary, Philipp Otto Runge, whose genius was cut short in its development when he died in 1810 at the age of only 33, and other names less familiar. Generously illustrated in admirable color and sharp monochrome.

The Paintings of James MacNeil Whistler by Andrew McLaren Young, Margaret MacDonald, and Robin Spencer, with the assistance of Hamish Miles; two volumes, $125 until December 31, $150 thereafter. A detailed, purely factual biographical chronology serves as the introductory text for this impressive study, but general readers should not be scared off by the scholarly atmosphere. The information and anecdotes in the ensuing catalogue raisonné of all Whistler's oils, including those he either abandoned or destroyed, add up unexpectedly to an interesting way to read Whistler's story, painting by painting. The 438 plates are full of surprises. Insofar as any book can be called definitive, this one surely can. It should be adopted as the model for other studies of its kind.

Turkish Art (Smithsonian/Abrams; $65). What with an introduction and five chapters (The Turks in History, Architecture, The Art of the Book, Ceramics, Rugs and Textiles) by six top ranking authorities, this book covers ground that could be expanded as a multi-volume encyclopedia, but it hardly could be bettered as a one-volume survey. The arts represented here are adaptable to color illustration, and the plates sing out. Unhesitatingly recommended for study or just looking.

Neoclassical and 19th Century Architecture by Robin Middleton and David Watkin (Abrams; $45). This, the 10th volume in the publisher's *History of World Architecture*, is absolutely fascinating. From the rational elegance of Neoclassicism, the brilliant imagination of the Romantic revivals, and into the proto-functional revolution, there never has been a period when architecture was so various or more inventive. For anyone with any interest in architecture, each of the 664 illustrations should be riveting, and the texts, after first samplings, seem flawless.

The Florence Baptistry Doors, by Kenneth Clark, David Finn, and George Robinson (Viking; $50). David Finn's photographs are the thing here. The small sculptures that make up the monumental doors are examined at close range, with revelations of details invisible at tourist-eye level. The photographs also bring us close to the rapid deterioration of these works of art, which, after surviving centuries, are going to pieces in our polluted decades. This first-rate picture book thus becomes, as well, an important document.

The Great Painters of China by Max Loehr (Harper & Row; $29.95). Beginning with a neolithic pottery shard and concluding with a painter named Cheng Hsieh (1693-1765), this work of awe-

Superb art books!

INGRES

Gaetan Picon. The complex style and sensuous beauty of Ingres' art are fully explored and lavishly reproduced in this sumptuous book, the only one currently available on the artist and the latest addition to the Skira/Rizzoli series of monographs that have been praised by critics as superb examples of the bookmaker's art. 162 pages. 150 illustrations, 50 color plates. $75

ROBERT MOTHERWELL "RECONCILIATION ELEGY": A Journal of Collaboration

Edited by E.A. Carmean. This handsome book documents every aspect of the creation of Motherwell's great painting, especially commissioned for the new East Building of the National Gallery, and provides rare insight into the workings of the artistic mind. Skira/Rizzoli. 90 pages. 100 illustrations, 15 in color. Cloth. $30. Paper. $14.95

AVANT-GARDE ART 1914-1939

Jean-Luc Daval. This compelling and spectacularly illustrated survey focuses on those years when all the visual arts exploded in their traditional forms. Exciting, in-depth coverage of painting, sculpture, photography, theatre, cinema and architecture—every area of artistic exploration. Skira/Rizzoli. 200 pages. 300 illustrations, 100 in color. $85

At all fine bookstores, or write

712 Fifth Avenue RIZZOLI NEW YORK New York 10019

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some scholarship is far from being an introductory primer, but even so it makes its subject comprehensible to the Western neophyte while offering good reading for specialists and supplying a standard reference for students.

Andrea del Castagno by Marita Horster (Cornell/Phaidon; $65). A needed book, satisfying as a study, with first-rate black and white plates. The color, however, seems cast over with a soft haze that mutes this painter's violent tints and softens his razor-sharp linear definition. Still, a must for art libraries and Castagno fans.

Mariano Fortuny: His Life and Work by Guillermo de Osma (Rizzoli; $29.95). Concentrating on the dress design of a fashionable jack-of-all-arts, this handsomely produced book is less precious than it may sound. With a cast of characters drawn from international high society, it is a conscientious (and lively) account of a facet of the Proustian fin-de-siècle world that continued to affect high style through the 1920s. Either absorbing or diverting, depending on your degree of interest in the subject, this is the most unexpected art book of the year, and a welcome one.

Dante's cosmic web.

Divine Poem

by James Merrill

Many readers of these columns will have encountered, as I did, their first Dante in the "Prufrock" epigraph. We learned to smile at the juxtaposition of ineffectual daydreamer and damned soul speaking from the fire. "For this is hell, nor are we out of it," we innocently marveled, peering forth from our own gemlike flames at worktable and bookshelf, sunset and dozing cat. Purgatory and paradise awaited us too, in the guise of the next love affair. In a single elegant stroke Eliot had shown us one way to approach *l'altissimo poeta*: Dante's passionate faith and our intrepid doubts could be reconciled by triangulation with the text itself.

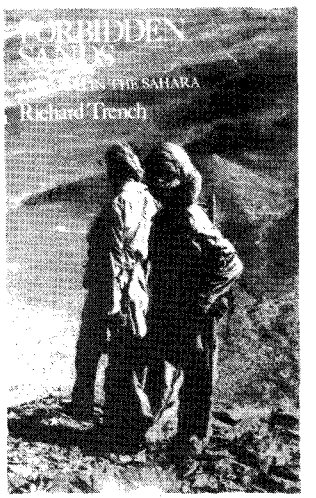
To believe, however, that Dante had seen God in any real sense threatened both the poem and us. Who wanted song to curdle overnight into mere scripture, or himself to be trivialized in the glare of too much truth? Yet we must—or so I begin to think, decades later—allow that something distinct from mere "inspiration" came to Dante. It had come to others; he is not after all our only mystic, just more literary and more fortunate than many. In an age that discouraged the heretic, his vision reached him through the highest, most unexceptionable channels. Its cast included saints, philosophers, emperors, angels, monsters, Adam and Ulysses, Satan and God. To these he added a poet he revered, a woman he adored, plus a host of friends and enemies whose names we should otherwise never have heard; and garbed them in patterns of breathtakingly symmetrical lights and darks woven from a belief everybody shared. Even the pre-Christian souls in hell know pretty much what they are damned for not having known in time. No question ever of an arcane, Blakean anti-mythology. Dante's conceptual innovations—as when he lifts purgatory to the surface of the earth, or reveals his lady as an agent from highest heaven—refigure rather than refute the thought that preceded them. As for his verbal ones, he was in the historical position to consolidate, virtually to invent, for purposes beyond those of the lyric, a living Italian idiom. No poet could ask for more; yet more was given him.

Revelation can take many forms. St. Paul was "caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words"—a one-shot trip. Milton, on the other hand, dreamed each night the next day's installment of his poem. Blake kept open house, through much of his life, for spirits with whom he conversed wide awake. Yeats, married to a medium, took down the voices that spoke through her. A lay visionary—where poetry is at issue, someone whose powers of language and allusion aren't up to the demands made upon them—reports a complex,

James Merrill's most recent book of poetry is *Scripts for the Pageant* (Atheneum).

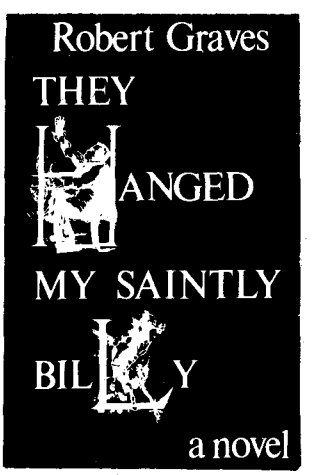
ACADEMY CHICAGO LTD.

FORBIDDEN SANDS
A Search in the Sahara
Richard Trench



"This book is in the tradition of fine British writing on Arab lands and people."
-Library Journal
Cloth: $10.95

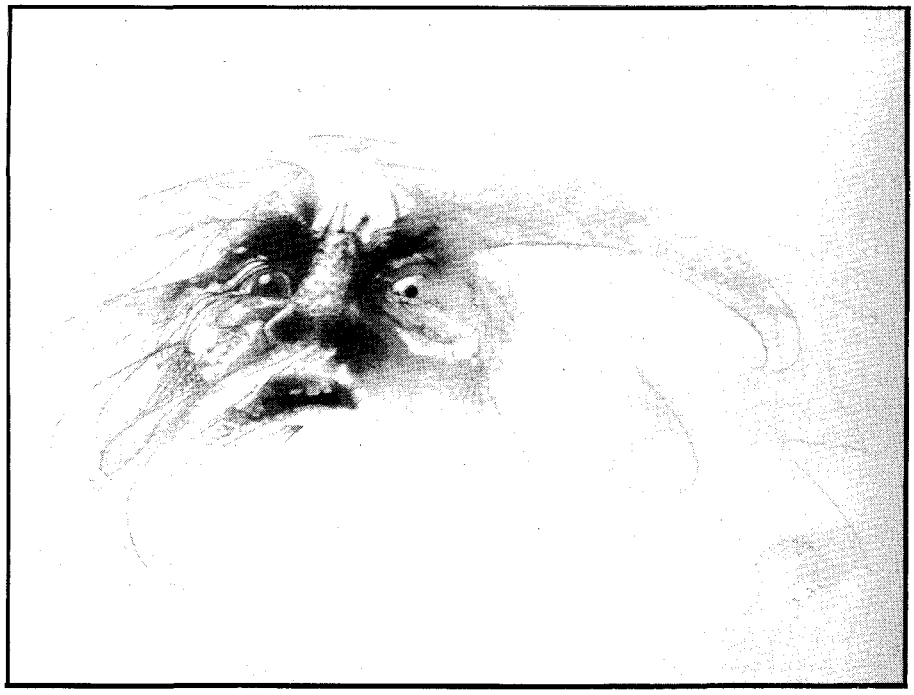
THEY HANGED MY SAINTLY BILLY
Robert Graves



Out of print for nearly 25 years, this novel about William Palmer's trial at Old Bailey in 1856 is one of Graves' fiction classics which Academy Chicago is reprinting. Also available: **Wife to Mr. Milton.** $5.95 paper.
Paper: $5.95 Cloth: $14.95

ACADEMY CHICAGO/ LIMITED
360 N. MICHIGAN AVE
CHICAGO, IL 60601 USA
312/782-9826

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Charon

joyous wonder compressed into a few poor human moments and verging dangerously upon the unutterable. Much as it may change his life, the experience defeats his telling of it. Dante imagined this to be his case; it was not.

Poets nowadays are praised for performing without a net. "These poems take risks!" gloat the blurbs. Anna Akhmatova saddles Dante with a cold and implacable Muse. I wonder. One does not wince for him the way one does for Rimbaud. He is spared even the mortification of a system that dates. The electronic marvels of paradise—stars clustering into eagles, and all that—according to Beatrice have been devised to suit the seer: a laser show of supreme illusion projected through Dante's human senses and image banks.

The *Comedy's* energy and splendor suggest that Dante indeed "saw the light" in a timeless moment. Its prophetic spleen and resonant particulars hint at something not quite the same, that like Milton or Yeats he had mediumistic powers—a sustaining divinatory intelligence which spoke to him, if only (as Julian Jaynes would have it) from that center of the brain's right hemisphere which corresponds to Weinecke's area on the left. This much granted, it still would remain to be amazed in the usual fashion when faced by a masterpiece: how on earth was it brought safely into being and onto the page?

A reader whose experience of terza rima is limited to Shelley can but faintly imagine its force and variety in the hands of its inventor. At the humblest level it serves as a No Trespassing sign, protecting the text. A copyist's pious interpolation or unthinking lapse would set off the alarm at once. No verse form *moves* so wonderfully. Each tercet's first and third line rhyme with the middle one of the preceding set and enclose the new rhyme-sound of the next, the way a scull outstrips the twin, already dissolving oarstrokes that propel it. As rhymes interlock throughout a canto, so do incidents and images throughout the poem. Thus any given tercet reflects in microcosm the triple structures explored by the whole, and the progress of the verse, which allows for closure only when (and because) a canto ends, becomes a version "without tears" of the pilgrim's own. Rendering here some lightning insight or action, there some laborious downward or upward clambering, the terza rima can as well sweeten the pill of dogmatic longueurs ("This keeps moving, it will therefore end.") and frame with aching fleetness those glimpses of earth now denied to the damned and the blessed alike.

We feel everywhere Dante's great concision. He has so much to tell. Self-limited to these bare 100 cantos averaging a scant 140 lines apiece, he can't afford to pad—he is likelier to break off, pleading no more room—let alone spell out connections for a torpid reader. This we must do, helped by centuries of commentary. And what a shock it is, opening the *Comedy*, to leave today's plush avant-garde screening room with its risk-laden images and scrambled sound track, and use our muscles actually to get somewhere. For Dante's other great virtue is his matter-of-factness. Zodiacal signposts, "humble" similes, glosses from philosophy and

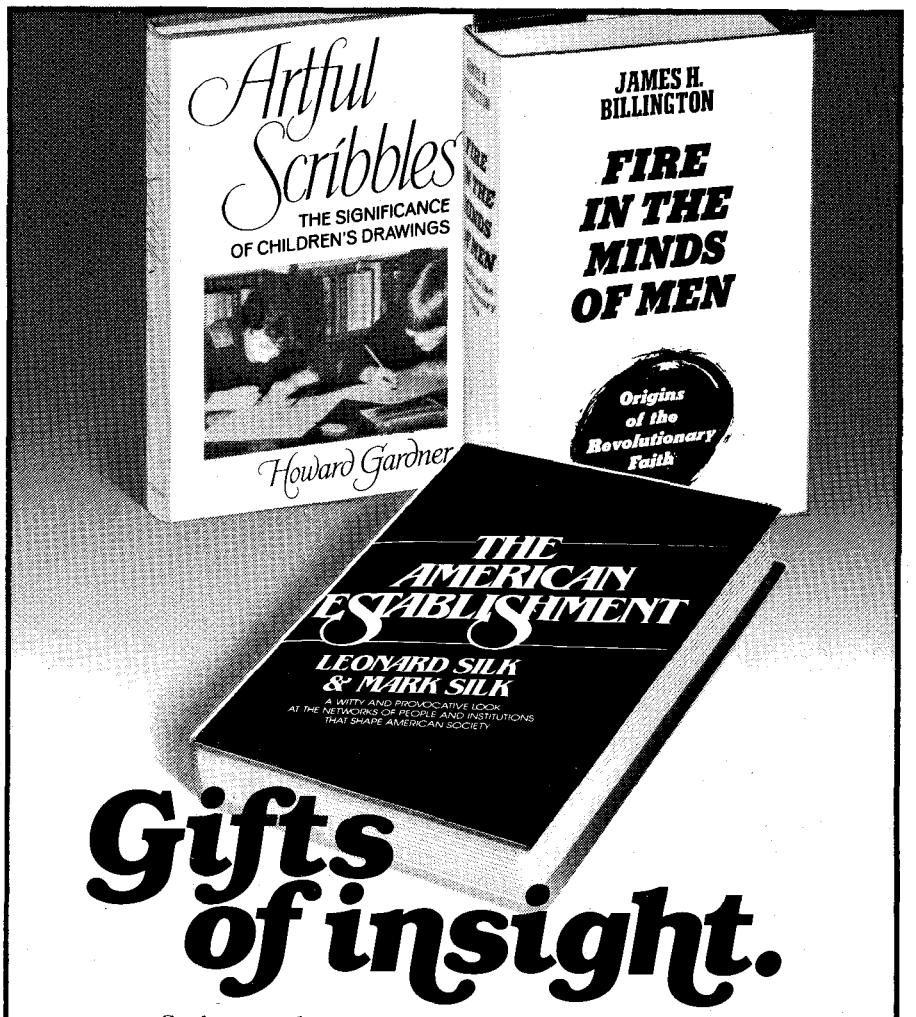
Dante and Virgil. Drawings by Barry Moser, from *Inferno*, Volume I of *The California Dante.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

myth—there is nothing he won't use to locate and focus his action as sharply as possible.

A random example. Sun is climbing toward noon above the Ganges as we enter a smoke "dark as night" on the slopes of purgatory; meanwhile these moles that come and go in a passing phrase are kin, surely, to Miss Moore's real toads: "*Ricorditi, lettor, se mai ne l'alpe/ti colse nebbia per la qual vedesti/ non altrimenti che per pelle talpe. . . .*" Singleton renders this: "Recall, reader, if ever in the mountains a mist has caught you, through which you could not see except as moles do through skin. . . ." Helpful, but was the mole in Dante's day thought to see through its *skin*? A note explains what is made clear enough in Longfellow's version, where alliteration, moreover, brings a certain music to "*pelle talpe*," that tiny consonantal lozenge we have paused, I trust, to savor: "Remember, Reader, if e'er in the Alps/A mist o'ertook thee, through which thou couldst see/Not otherwise than through its membrane mole. . . ." It is the merest instance of that matter-of-fact concision I have in mind, and makes a small plea for translation into verse such as this which deftly evokes, as prose or indeed rhymed versions so rarely can, the diction and emphasis of the original. (Why, oh, why is the Longfellow *Comedy* not in print? Comparing it with the latest prose version, by Charles Singleton, and allowing for pains rightly taken by the latter to sound like prose, one is struck by how often he has had apparently no choice but to hit on the good gray poet's very phrase. There is also Longfellow's delectable 19th-century apparatus, including essays by Ruskin and Lamartine—"*Dante a fait la gazette florentine de la posterité*"; Boccaccio's account of the dead Dante guiding his son to the missing final cantos of the *Paradiso*; and James Russell Lowell on the poet's monument in Ravenna: "It is a little shrine covered with a dome, not unlike the tomb of a Mohammedan saint. . . . The *valet de place* says that Dante is not buried under it, but beneath the pavement of the street in front of it, where also, he says, he saw my Lord Byron kneel and weep.")

Those moles, to resume, are just one filament in a web whose circumference is everywhere. They presently mesh with an apostrophe to the imagination, which also sees without using its eyes. A case made in passing for divine inspiration ("A light moves you which takes


Artful Scribbles
THE SIGNIFICANCE OF CHILDREN'S DRAWINGS
Howard Gardner
JAMES H. BILLINGTON
FIRE IN THE MINDS OF MEN
Origins of the Revolutionary Faith
THE AMERICAN ESTABLISHMENT
LEONARD SILK & MARK SILK
A WITTY AND PROVOCATIVE LOOK AT THE NETWORKS OF PEOPLE AND INSTITUTIONS THAT SHAPE AMERICAN SOCIETY

Gifts of insight.

Seeking to discover how art becomes a tool of self-discovery for youngsters, a Harvard psychologist "examines the rise and fall of that Golden Age of child artistry, the preschool artistic flowering period in which, he believes, lie the sources of human creativity....Gracefully written."
—*The New York Times Book Review*

ARTFUL SCRIBBLES
The Significance of Children's Drawings
Howard Gardner With 283 illustrations, $15.00

"The most absorbing and enlightening work on power in America since David Halberstam's *The Best and the Brightest*....Clever, anecdotal, thoughtful and immensely readable."—*Boston Globe*
"A searching light on the American establishment."
—*George Ball*

THE AMERICAN ESTABLISHMENT
Leonard Silk and Mark Silk $13.95

"A rich chronicle of how 'passionate intellectuals' from 1789 onwards conspired to destroy a status quo."
—*Washington Post Book World*. "A gallery of magnificent characters...vast erudition transformed into vivid drama...a brilliant and fascinating book."
—*The New York Times Book Review*

FIRE IN THE MINDS OF MEN
Origins of the Revolutionary Faith
James H. Billington $25.00

BASIC BOOKS, INC. *10 East 53rd Street, New York, 10022*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

form in heaven, of itself . . .") gives way to three trancelike visions—Procne, Haman, Amata—appropriate to this level of the mountain Dante climbs. The center of the web is still far off, almost half the poem away, but we may as well glance at it now.

The passage in question, long a commentators' favorite, lately has begun to engage the scientists as well. Mark A. Peterson proposes (*American Journal of Physics*, December 1979) that Dante's universe "is not as simple geometrically as it at first appears, but actually seems to be a so-called 'closed' universe, the 3-sphere, a universe which also emerges as a cosmological solution of Einstein's equations in general relativity theory." Let who can, experience for themselves the full complexity and symmetry of the resulting figure. Roughly, two spheres are joined *at every point* through their "equator," itself a third sphere of sheer connectivity, and the whole suspended within a fourth dimension. The figure has finite volume but no boundary: "every point is interior."

On the threshold of the Empyrean (*Paradiso*, XXVII) Dante is given his first glimpse of God, an infinitesimal, intensely brilliant point reflected, before he turns to gaze at it directly, in Beatrice's eyes. Around it spin concentric rings of halos gaining a brightness and speed in proportion to their closeness to it. These represent the angelic orders, from inmost seraphim to furthest messengers, and compose one of the two interconnected "semi-universes" of Peterson's figure. The other, also composed of nine rings, has as its center the little "threshing-floor" of earth far down at which Dante has just been peering, and extends through the geocentric levels to his present vantage in the Primum Mobile. What he is looking at now, explains Beatrice, is the "point" on which "the heavens and all nature are dependent." All nature: the mole and the mountain, the sinner and the sun.

That her words paraphrase Aquinas in a commentary on Aristotle cannot account for the hallucinatory wonder of this little point. We may picture it partly as a model of electrons whirling round the atomic nucleus—in our day, the point on which all nature and its destruction depend; partly as an abstracted solar system—only with the relative planetary speeds reversed, since these Intelligences turn physics inside out. According to Peterson, however, this is exactly what they do *not* do: the fourth dimension here is speed of rotation, or in Dante's view, the dimension of divine precedence. The inmost ring moves fastest, as does the Primum Mobile outermost among the other set, because both are nearest to God. The two universes, heavenly and natural, are governed alike by that tiny point. The vision as reported sets the mind reeling. What must it have been to experience?

Here too we understand, not for the first time, how Dante is helped by Beatrice. Seeing this light through her eyes will enable him to put it into words, to translate into his poem's measures those that depend upon this timeless and dimensionless point, to receive what he may of the mystery and not be struck mad or dumb by it. A further, more profound, glimpse will indeed be largely wiped from his mind, to the uncanny image of the Argo's shadow passing over amazed Neptune.

Concise and exact, Dante naturally is partial to points. We have come across others before this one, of all kinds: the "point" in the tale at which Paolo and Francesca read no further; the high "point" of the sun's meridian over Jerusalem; the "point" where all times are present, into which Cacciaguida gazes to read Dante's future. A children's book comes to mind—*Adventures of a Hole* or whatever—where the small round "hero" piercing the volume from front to back serves as focus to the picture on every page. It would be in some such fashion that each episode or passing

THE GRIEF OF MEN

The Buddhist ordered his boy to bring him, New Year's
morning, a message. He
woke, took it,
tore open the message
he himself had written, and signed, "Buddha."

"Busyness has caught you, you have slowed and stopped.
If you start toward me, I
will surely come
to meet you." He wept.
Exhausted by talking, I walk near my shack.

I hear the coot call his darkening call,
and the dog's doubt far back in his throat.
A porcupine walks
by the water at dusk;
no one sees him, under the low bushes.

Men have died on high slopes, as others watch.
They look around, and do not see
those they love most,
and call out
the cry the porcupine does not make.

And fresh waters wash past the tidal sands,
enter the delta, wash past clear
bars and are gone.
Women can die
in childbirth; Bertha, inwardly near me, died,

my father's sister. "That's it, no more children,"
the doctor said. They chose a child.
The doctor stands
by the bed, but Bertha
dies, her breath stops, her knees quiver and are still.

Her husband will not lie quiet.
He throws himself against the wall.
Men come to hold him down.
My father is there,
sits by the bed long night after night.

Robert Bly

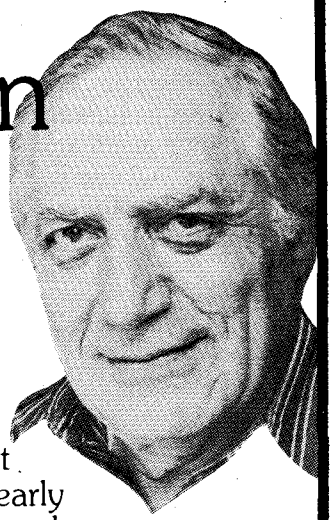
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

image in Dante connects with absolute Good—or Evil. For there is finally the very terrible point in the last canto of the *Inferno*. At the moral and physical universes' nether pole, it is the other center required by Peterson's scheme.

Here also are angelic spheres, those of the fallen angels. Satan, who as Lucifer belonged to that halo nearest the point of light, now towers waist-deep in ice, "constrained by all the weights of the universe," and at first glance oddly unthreatening. Nine rings narrow downward to this figure of raging entropy. From one to the next we have felt the movement decelerating. Wind-driven souls (Francesca) give way to runners (Brunetto), to the painfully walking hypocrites cloaked in gilded lead, to the frozen, impacted souls of Cocytus. This is "natural" movement; unlike those angels of the Empyrean, it obeys the second law of thermodynamics. In *In Radical Pursuit* W.D. Snodgrass has traced the pilgrim Dante's regression, as he faces the murderers of parents and children, through the traumatic phases of early childhood, infancy, and birth. Last comes this nadir, this "point" he must pass in order to be reborn. It lies at the exact center of earth, of gravity, of the entire Ptolemaic universe. As the pilgrims skirt it everything abruptly turns upside down, psychological time once again flows forward, and their ascent begins toward the starlight of earth's further side.

To my knowledge no one appears to have defined this point much beyond the account of it above. "Here all is dark and mysterious," says Singleton. Dante himself, as he clambers down between the deep floor of ice and Satan's shaggy thigh—there "where the thigh curves out to form the haunches"—averts his eyes and language: "Let gross minds conceive my trouble, who cannot see the point I had passed." He means, as we know, earth's center, but he would hardly be Dante to leave it at that. Hell, reads the inscription on its gate, was made by "the divine Power, the supreme Wisdom, and the primal Love"—the trinity in action. In Satan's figure, to which we've been led by a parodied Latin hymn, we see these reversed. Power becomes impotence; widsom, a matter of mechanical gnawing and flapping; love, a congealing wind. As counterpoise to that radiant, all-engendering point in heaven, we may expect something more graphically awful than a fictive locus. "The sacred number *three* is symbolic of the whole

Stanley Kauffmann



"A graceful, keen-edged gathering of memories."*

Farm hand, lover, prodigy, comic-book author, playwright — a powerful narrative of his early life from the *Saturday Review* and *New Republic* critic. $10.95 Now at your bookstore

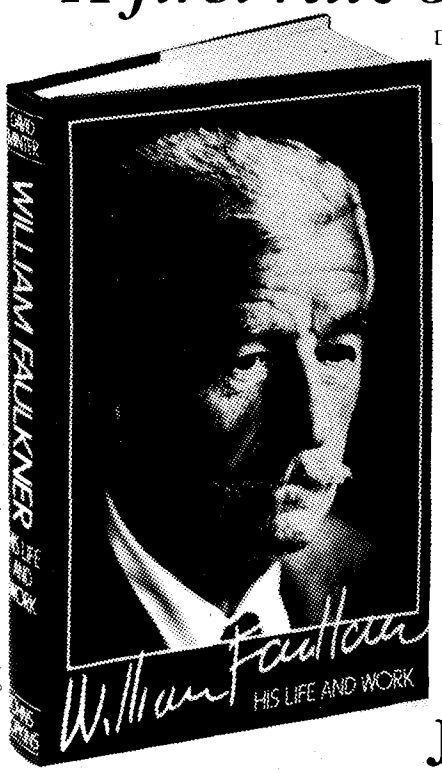
*Kirkus Reviews

ALBUMS OF EARLY LIFE

TICKNOR & FIELDS
A Houghton Mifflin Company

"A first-rate biography"

Dee Brown,
Chicago Tribune Book World



Photograph of William Faulkner by Morris Warman, NY

WILLIAM FAULKNER: HIS LIFE AND WORK
by David Minter

Here is William Faulkner as he's seldom been glimpsed—powerful, vulnerable, real. This finely crafted, sensitively written biography reveals a man every bit as fascinating as the characters he created. And his life itself is a tale as moving as his fiction.

344 pages $16.95

at bookstores or from

Johns Hopkins
The Johns Hopkins University Press
Baltimore, Maryland 21218

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

male genitalia," writes Freud in the *Introductory Lectures*; it is the source of endless jokes in Greece today. Satan, as an angel, would lack genitals—a touch appropriate to the nullity Dante wishes to convey. For surely this point in hell is where the genitals would have been and are not: a frozen, ungenerative, non-existent trinity. And it is hardly from squeamishness or to spare his reader that Dante contrives to "miss the point" in hell. He has come a long way since Virgil's own hands prevented a stolen glance at the Medusa. His wiser reticence here implies a risk to the spirit, which might have vanished at a closer look, as into a black hole.

The point—my point and everyone's by now, not these of Dante—is that the *Comedy* throughout sustains the equilibrium we have been told to look for in a haiku by Basho. There is no rift, as in conventional allegory, between action and interpretation, physical and moral, "low" and "high." All is of a piece. It is a mystic's view of the world, if you like. It is also a scientist's. And to have it tally with Einstein? For the year 1300, that's seeing the light in spades.

What diction, then, is even faintly suited to divine grace when it illuminates all things great and small? The answer must lie in the entire range, from the courtly metaphysics of the love poems, on which Dante would draw for his highest flights in paradise, to the broad innuendo of those sonnets to Forese. These also served him, as a farting devil in the Malebolge reminds us. Like the Jongleur de Notre-Dame in the pureness of his heart doing *what he can*, Dante will run through his whole bag of tricks, and the performance will be rewarded by an extraordinary universal Smile.

This wealth of diction and detail gave the *Comedy* its long reputation for a grotesque farrago flawed by "the bad taste of the century." The mature Milton asked *his* Muse to help him soar "with no middle flight"—a costly decision. Whatever its glories, the diction of *Paradise Lost* labors under its moral regalia, its relentless pre-Augustan triumphs over precisely this eclectic middle style which allows Dante his touching, first-person particularity, moles and all. It also suggests why he is continually being rediscovered by poets—now by Hugo, now by Pound—and why translations, especially into verse, keep appearing.

Having been asked to write a "general piece" leaves me, I fear, with little space for its occasion—the publication of the *Inferno*, Volume I of *The California Dante*: three volumes of text and three of commentary under the editorship of its translator, Allen Mandelbaum.

It is first of all a noble work of typography. The face was designed by the great modern printer Mardersteig and named for our poet. The text is set in spacious 42-line pages with, properly for once, the original on the host's, or reader's, right. Touches of red hint that no expense was spared. The book's co-designer, with Czeslaw Jan Grycz, is also its illustrator, Barry Moser. For my taste, used to the groupings and vistas of Blake or Paul Gustave Doré, his drawings are too often close-ups; perhaps we may expect a wider lens upon leaving this hell of unleavened selfhood. They are in any case at best fearfully expressive, always beautifully reproduced, and placed so as not to intrude upon a reader who would rather picture things for himself.

The translation, into iambic pentameter with a rich orchestration that includes sporadic rhyme, is lucid and strong. Everyone knows the poem's opening lines in Italian; here they are as done by Mr. Mandelbaum:

> When I had journeyed half of our life's way,
> I found myself within a shadowed forest,
> for I had lost the path that does not stray.
> Ah, it is hard to speak of what it was,
> that savage forest, dense and difficult,
> which even in recall renews my fear:
> so bitter—death is hardly more severe.

I probably would have tried—tried and failed, rhymed couplets being a weakness of my own—to avoid them in rendering terza rima. The great success of this passage is, however, its third line. Here at the outset, making for luck his ritual gesture toward the original form, Mandelbaum solves *"la diretta via"* in a free, brilliant, utterly Dantesque stroke. Countless more turn up in even a cursory reading—Francesca's "Love that releases no beloved from loving," for instance. "Love that exempts no one beloved from loving," Longfellow has it; but the verb unwizened in our time by the tax-collector is surely to be preferred. Mandelbaum is especially good whenever Dante imitates the pains and anxieties that beset him as a pilgrim: "Of course I wept, leaning against a rock/along that rugged ridge. . . ." Some impudent alliteration by Auden comes to mind ("Round the rampant rugged rocks/Rude and ragged rascals run"). Here, though, the device enacts rather than mocks the poet's plight, like a fist struck despondently into a palm as the memory overwhelms him. English obviously permits immense variety of diction—whereas a single good French translation of the *Comedy* might suffice for centuries—and Mandelbaum takes full advantage of this. Now and then he gives me pause: at his antiquated "reboantic fracas" or his hostessy "Do tell me" addressed to some poor souls neck-deep in ice. But such pauses are lost in the overall sweep and felicity. A faint note of self-congratulation in Mandelbaum's elegant, up-to-date introduction is more than justified by what follows. This version will not displace Longfellow's or Binyon's or Sinclair's; nor do I imagine it was designed to. Rather it joins a very small company of renderings that stand both on their own as English poetry and to the *Comedy* as disciples round a master grown, thanks to their attention, ever more complex and less obscure.

Defeat in Victory

Over Here: The First World War and American Society by David M. Kennedy

(Oxford; $19.95)

Americans never have been comfortable with the United States's involvement in World War I. An earlier generation of historians variously ascribed our entry to British propaganda, the machinations of the munitions lobby and the Morgan-London financial axis, the Anglophilism of the Eastern Establishment, or Woodrow Wilson's "unrealistic" conception of freedom of the seas. With near unanimity they deplored the hoopla and repression of the home front: the banning of Beethoven and German language instruction, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pinched-spirit drive of a provincial postmaster general to destroy liberalism and radicalism alike, the punitive treatment of dissenters within and without the military, the marshalling of the intellectual and business communities behind a frenzied campaign "to sell" the war, and a good deal more. In a kind of point-counterpoint, they also waxed indignant and sorrowful over Wilson's failure to contain the Allies' vengefulness at Paris and his refusal to make a final compromise with the Senate over the Covenant of the League of Nations.

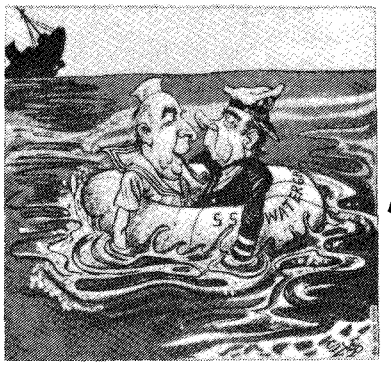
Recent years have seen a resurgence of interest, on a more sophisticated plane, in the causes of American entry and the failure of the war to produce a just peace. Wilson's eminent biographer, Arthur S. Link, has shown that the president chose full participation, rather than the limited naval war that one group of progressives urged, because he believed that only a war-wearied Europe beholden to the United States would accept reconstitution of the world's political and economic order. A new study of Henry Cabot Lodge by William C. Widenor incisively analyzes the Realpolitik and anti-utopian roots of Lodge's (and Theodore Roosevelt's) interventionist impulses and fierce opposition to Wilson's version of a postwar league to enforce peace.

Meanwhile the rising interest in social, organizational, and economic history has sparked a flush of monographs on the war years. These works explore the lot of women in the work force, the demeaning treatment of blacks in the army, the successes and failures of economic mobilization, the tactical "innocence" of General John J. Pershing, the self-interested conduct of economic diplomacy of the United States hardly less than by the Allies. Even flamboyant George Creel and his Committee on Public Information have been decaricatured in a thoughtful study by Stephen Vaughn. Now comes this fascinating synthesis, buttressed by fruitful forays into manuscript sources and replete with new interpretive twists, by David M. Kennedy of Stanford.

Over Here is an impressive, ambitious, and often brilliant book. It is also an engrossing book, for Kennedy writes with more felicity and evocative power than do most academic historians; almost every section sustains higher interest than the scholarly works that inform it. This is remarkable because Kennedy's forte is not narrative history but ideas, images, and impressions.

Over Here is at once the broadest and most penetrating account yet published of the American people and their institutions during the United States's 19 months of belligerency. The trials of important minorities—blacks, women, German-Americans, conscientious objectors, and the IWW—are sensitively recounted. All the great organizational thrusts from military and economic to psychological are described and measured, usually against the prewar values that shaped them and often with a keen sense of their relation to postwar developments. Nor is the American Expeditionary Force neglected. Some of Kennedy's most moving passages portray the "doughboy" as awestruck, even reverential, tourist; as victim of stalled supply columns, inadequate training, and poor command control; as one in the long regular lines of dead that stained the once verdant terrain of the Meuse-Argonne.

Kennedy states in his preface that his larger aim is not so much to describe the war years as to use them "as a window through which to view early twentieth-


The Boston Globe

The best of the press

THE PULITZER PRIZE STORY II, 1959-80

Award-Winning News Stories, Columns, Editorials, Cartoons, and News Pictures
Edited, with Commentaries, by
JOHN HOHENBERG

"In the age of television, this extraordinary anthology of Pulitzer-winning journalism attests to the continuing vitality and enterprise of America's newspapers. It is certainly a valuable eyewitness record of major news events of the past 21 years, a period of social turbulence, assassination, war, and Watergate."—*Publishers Weekly*

Just published $16.95 at bookstores or direct from:

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
Address for orders: 136 South Broadway, Irvington, N.Y. 10533

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

century American society." This window-opening motif results in some selective history. American society before and after World War I was a house of many windows, and not all the larger ones are opened here. Yet it also leads to some stimulating history. *Over Here*'s reassessment of the postwar literature of disillusionment, a reassessment made believable by its graphic reconstruction of the mood of those who fought the war, offers a striking example.

The American soldier, so *Stars and Stripes* proclaimed and a host of doughboys' letters, diaries, and contemporary writings affirmed, was the "spiritual successor" to the "Knights of King Arthur's Round Table." Rarely did the themes of weariness and resignation that suffused the British accounts in Paul Fussell's classic *The Great War and Modern Memory* mute the doughboys' expressions of exhilaration, wonder, and glory. And understandably so. Most Americans never waged a campaign of attrition, never faced the possibility of war without end, never attained the knowledge of good and evil that the French acquired at Verdun and the British at the Somme. As one volunteer wrote from France in mid-1917, "I never enjoyed life as much as I have since I have been over here, and if one must be killed to enjoy life—Well." The war, he added the day of the Armistice, had been "a glorious adventure." Fifteen years later Archibald MacLeish was arguing the same point with Malcolm Cowley in the pages of this magazine. To die "generously and in loyalty to a believed-in cause . . . regardless even of its validity," MacLeish insisted, "was to be ennobled."

The romanticism of the participants thus established, Kennedy goes on to suggest that John Dos Passos, Ernest Hemingway, E. E. Cummings, and Lawrence Stallings wrote less in disillusionment over the agony and violence of the war itself than in protest against the military, and especially the cultural, authority it invoked—against, that is, the Old Guard's "*way of seeing the war.*" The result, he concludes in passages too richly textured to be summarized here, was a literary memory of the war that differed markedly from the perceptions of most who experienced it, as well as from those of such traditional writers as Willa Cather in *One of Ours* and Edith Wharton in *A Son At The Front*. If Wilson had won the peace and if the intellectuals' vision of a progressive future had been fulfilled, so Kennedy asserts, the literature of the 1920s "would be impossible to imagine"; indeed, the so-called "writers of disillusionment" might well have affirmed the very act of war.

Over Here's lengthy treatment of economic matters is almost as absorbing and just as provocative. In sharp, swift strokes spiced by deft characterizations Kennedy tells us all that we need to know of such agencies as the War Industries Board and the Food Administration and their extraordinarily capable leaders, Bernard Baruch and Herbert Hoover. With compelling force, he describes how the national obsession with voluntarism and consensual values led paradoxically to regimentation of American mind and muscle. He even writes lucidly, though perhaps a little hypercritically, of the fueling of inflation by the "Liberty Loans."

Over Here further argues that government labor policies stimulated unionism, that cost-plus contracts enabled employers and employees to share a considerable *largesse*, and that the velvet glove the administration extended to both cloaked a mailed first. Late in the war the government commandeered Western Union and the Smith and Wesson arms plant for discriminating against union employees, while Selective Service director general Enoch Crowder issued a "work-or-fight" order, quickly softened by Secretary of War Newton D. Baker, which nonetheless kept labor on edge for the duration.

Kennedy's unraveling of the tangled strands of economic diplomacy is especially skillful. He lays out the Allies' menacing plan, formulated at the Paris Economic Conference of June 1916, to create an exclusionary postwar trade bloc. He marks the inconsistency between Wilson's commitment to an open door for all nations and the sequestering of German assets and sale of German patents to the American Chemical Foundation. He describes the administration's aggressive designs on Germany's and Britain's Latin American trade. And he writes tellingly of the paralyzing effect that "the ideological aversion of the President and his circle to perpetuating war-born government and intergovernmental controls over trade and investment" had on the making of peace. In a suggestive analysis of postwar developments, he also confronts the contention of new left historians that the diplomacy of the 1920s can be explained "by reference to the relentless outward thrust of American capital." To the contrary, he concludes in a section that reflects the findings of recent economic historians, the United States did retreat into partial economic isolation and did thereby contribute to

A Season of Books by Our Editors

Robert Brustein, **Critical Moments: Reflecting on Theater and Society** (Random House)

Robert Coles, **Flannery O'Connor's South** (Louisiana State University Press)
with Jane H. Coles, **Women of the Crisis Two: Lives of Work and Dreams** (Delacorte)

Paul Fussell, **Abroad: British Literary Traveling Between the Wars** (Oxford University Press)

Stanley Kauffmann, **Before My Eyes: Film Criticism and Comment** (Harper & Row)
Albums of Early Life (Ticknor & Fields)

Joyce Carol Oates, **Bellefleur** (Dutton)
The Lamb of Abyssalia (Pomegranate)

Anne Tyler, **Morgan's Passing** (Knopf)

Michael Walzer, **Radical Principles: Reflections of an Unreconstructed Democrat** (Basic)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the cause and spread of the Great Depression.

Most of *Over Here's* other interpretations are more conventionally liberal, though all bear Kennedy's distinctive imprimatur. He concedes, for example, that American propaganda "frequently wore a benign face, and that its creators genuinely believed it to be in the service of an altruistic cause." After all, Creel's Four-Minute Singers sang "Pack Up Your Troubles" and "There's A Long, Long Trail," not the ferocious chants that George Orwells's protagonist roared into the telescreen in *1984*. But Kennedy also avers that the Wilson administration's compulsion for conformity and the stifling of dissent "darkly adumbrated" Orwell's central themes. Government policy, *New Republic* editor Herbert Croly complained to the president in 1917, was dividing public opinion "into two irreconcilable classes" and making the position of intermediate papers like *The New Republic* "extremely difficult." By the Armistice, if not before, the political right was regnant. "Liberalism," wrote another *New Republic* editor, Walter Weyl, "is crumbling about our ears." The consequence, concludes Kennedy, was the destruction of John Dewey's central premise that an enlightened public might shape a progressive world; the next reforming generation harkened not to Dewey's buoyant optimism, "but to the sober voice of Reinhold Niebuhr, preaching in Augustinian accents the doctrine of human imperfection and the necessity of diminished hopes."

For Kennedy that statement closes the blinds—almost. This is "in many ways a sad story," he warns at the outset, "a tale of death, broken hopes, frustrated dreams, and of the curious defeat-in-victory that was Woodrow Wilson's and the nation's bitter lot." These humane values prompt him to begin his book with an impressionistic survey of the neutrality years that illuminates the antiwar mind but casts a heavy shadow over that of the preparationists and interventionists. He exalts the peace forces through 1916, then writes perceptively of their rationalization of war. But in the face of a scholarly literature that anticipates Widenor's masterful distillation of Lodge's and Roosevelt's foreign policy views by 30 years, he reads little beyond partisan virulence and a romantic 19th-century conception of war into their increasingly shrill calls for negotiation from a position of strength.

The author, in his zeal, also censures Wilson's denunciation of "disloyalty" by certain ethnic leaders to gloss over one of the most critical problems of 20th-century foreign policy-making: the inherent conflict in a pluralistic society between ethnic loyalties and the larger American interest. Only when the fervor of many German-Americans for the fatherland's cause and the intensity of their opposition to administration policy from 1914 to 1917 is fully recognized can the hysteria of the war years be explained, as well as condemned. At the least, the reader deserves to be told that German language newspapers once edited by liberal refugees from the revolutions of 1848 opposed calls for mediation until Germany's military position would enable it to demand annexation of Belgium, part of Russian Poland, a strip of the French coast, and a huge indemnity.

The author's disapproval of Wilson's differential neutrality toward the Allies similarly obscures the harshest reality and most insoluble dilemma of all: *de facto* neutrality, as distinguished from *de jure* neutrality, was a logical impossibility. To supply the Allies, as most articulate Americans favored, was to support them. To refuse to supply them, as ethnic partisans and some rural isolationists and progressive pacifists urged, was to serve the Central Powers. Britain's command of the seas and Germany's control of Middle Europe allowed no middle way, no policy that would not redound to the advantage of one or the other belligerent group. To acknowledge this is to put Wilson's differential neutrality, excluding his acceptance under protest of Britain's extra-legal depredations, in a radically different context than Kennedy's slashing strokes gives it.

Over Here's passing mention of German chancellor Theobald von Bethmann Holweg's peace-feeler of December 1916 is also disconcerting. In Kennedy's construction—he says nothing of terms—the feeler was the sincere gesture of a government whose armies were reeling and whose people were threatening revolt. But in the more certain knowledge of students of German diplomacy it was at best an ill-disguised effort to win by default the peace of conquest that the dominant military faction planned to impose after resuming unrestricted submarine warfare and crushing the Allies before American

ONE WORD. *Quality.*

SAINT AUGUSTINE'S PIGEON
The Selected Stories
Evan S. Connell

From the author of *Mrs. Bridge* and *The White Lantern* comes this collection of 16 stories, including 9 from earlier collections as well as 7 stories never before published in book form.

304 pages, 5 × 8
Cloth, $12.50

A PART
Wendell Berry

A new book of poems, elegies and translations by the author of numerous books including *The Unsettling of America.*

104 pages, 4¼ × 7
Cloth, $12.50
Paper, $6.00

JESUS TALES
Romulus Linney

This novel, based on various folktales and the New Testament Apocrypha, portrays Jesus, Joseph, Mary, and the disciples in the simplified language and style of the traditional oral narrative.

176 pages, 5 × 8
Cloth, $10.00

JOY OF MAN'S DESIRING
Jean Giono
Translated by Katherine Allen Clarke

A novel of peasant life in the French countryside. "A novelist of the greatest power and invention . . . one of the most important novelists in Europe today." *London Times Literary Supplement*

464 pages, 5 × 7½
Paper, $9.50

NORTH POINT PRESS
P.O. Box 6275
Berkeley, CA 94706

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

power could become decisive. (The terms, as finally revealed to the Wilson administration on January 31, 1917, the same day the secretary of state was informed of the decision to resume unrestricted submarine warfare, called for cession of territory along the Baltic and in the Congo, Belgium, France, and Luxembourg, as well as the indemnification of German corporations and individuals.) The bitter truth, observes the German historian Reinhard R. Doerries, is that "the German so-called peace offer . . was a slap in the face for President Wilson and fully intended as such."

Ordinarily it would be unfair to dilate on the marginal failings of a book whose main themes are as superbly wrought as *Over Here*'s. Clearly, however, Kennedy's interpretive bent, eminently successful in most respects, has drained some vital matters of their historical complexity. A few comparative passages that reflect favorably, rather than negatively, on the American experience also would have been enlightening. The author hardly would have emerged as an apologist had he noted, in reporting the death from mistreatment in prison of one conscientious objector who rejected alternative service, that 70 British COs suffered a similar fate. Understanding of the non-Prussian character of American society would have been deepened had his scintillating chapter "Over There—And Back" disclosed that only four of the two million US soldiers in the AEF were sentenced to death for disobedience of orders, and that Secretary of War Baker returned two of these to duty and commuted the sentences of the others to three years.

Near the end Kennedy writes with surprising sympathy of Wilson's ends. He agrees with Link that the president prevented the peace treaty from being considerably more punitive than it was, though he maintains that Wilson "held his economic weaponry so long in reserve that it obsolesced before it could be deployed." He suggests, along lines set forth by Arno Mayer, that Wilson might have realized his larger objectives had he cultivated the liberal, and especially the socialist, elements within the belligerent nations. He even conjectures that Wilson might have won the peace had the war lasted another year, as Pershing and others expected.

The last of these propositions warrants an additional comment. By the Armistice the United States was finally fulfilling its productive potential, and by the summer of 1919 it would have had sufficient men and materiel in France to have been the principal, instead of the secondary, agent of Germany's defeat. This, presumably, would have given Wilson such commanding moral and material force at Paris that he could have reconstituted the world economic and political order. In which event *Over Here*, like the works of "disillusionment" it so imaginatively dissects, also would have had to be written more in celebration than in sorrow or anger.

William H. Harbaugh

William H. Harbaugh, Commonwealth Professor of History at the University of Virginia and author of biographies of Theodore Roosevelt and John W. Davis, is writing a history of the United States, 1900-1932, for the Oxford History of America series.

A Life of Poetry and Suffering

Journey Around My Room
The Autobiography of Louise Bogan
A Mosaic by Ruth Limmer

(Viking Press; $13.95)

At two different periods in her life Louise Bogan kept a journal, most of which was published in the *New Yorker*, in the issue of January 30, 1980. Drawing on this, and on her letters, poems, stories, literary criticism, and conversation, Ruth Limmer has made a narrative mosaic that she calls the autobiography of Louise Bogan. Autobiography presupposes the writer in the driver's seat. It is a handing over, by the writer, of his or her life, and it stands or falls by its candor, which is felt in a personal way. If the handing over is done by someone else, then it is a different literary form—in this instance a species of anthologizing.

In her introduction Miss Limmer admits *Journey Around My Room* is not the autobiography Louise Bogan would have written had she chosen to.

> A stage manager, not the playwright, has decided on the scenes and acts and on how to arrange and light the script. These are not her choices of prose or poetry, not her sequences, not her chapter divisions. But the book *always* speaks in her voice and is true to her experience as she revealed it.

A better analogy would have been the dramatization of a novel; one recognizes the action and often stretches of dialogue, but the shaping hand is the dramatist's and the nature of the work is inevitably altered when it is lifted from the printed page and given to actors to speak.

Miss Bogan's poetry, her criticism, her journal, and the best of her very few short stories all have an identifying quality. They are formal, crystalline, without self-indulgence or self-pity, and well beyond the small, the merely personal. They have arrived at a kind of perfection, and I do not think time will separate them from it. Her journal appears to have been written not for publication but as a way of dealing with certain abiding emotional conflicts, which she approaches again and again and turns aside from just as she is about to clear the hurdle. It is not a failure: the thing she failed to say, the story she could not bring herself to tell, is somehow there in that tense preparation and turning aside at the last moment. It is an extremely moving document.

Miss Limmer's collage has been done with the utmost care, and is clearly a labor of love. It is made up almost entirely of wonderful writing not easily come by. Such as: "In their cage at evening, in the zoo, one hippopotamus, with his great low hanging ponderous face, nuzzled the side of another. What if tenderness should be lost everywhere else, and left only in these creatures?" And:

> As I remember my bewilderment, my judgment can do nothing even now to make things clear. The child has nothing to which it can compare the situation. And everything that then was strange is even stranger in retrospect. The sum has been added up wrong and this faulty con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clusion has long ago been accepted and approved. There is nothing to be done about it now.

And "The dreadful thing about north rooms: not that there is no sunlight in them now, but that there has never been sun in them . . . like the minds of stupid people: that have been stupid from the beginning and will be stupid forever." And "Above these objects hangs a Japanese print, depicting Russian sailors afflicted by an angry ocean,

photo of Louise Bogan in 1952 from *Journey Around My Room.*

searchlights, a burning ship, and a boatload of raging Japanese." It is enough to make an ordinary writer wring his hands.

The title of Miss Limmer's book is the title of Louise Bogan's most remarkable short story, which is in turn borrowed from the "*Voyage autour de ma chambre*" of Xavier de Maistre. The editor has broken up the story into six parts that are placed, in italics, at the beginning and end and elsewhere in the book. It may not occur to many readers to read the italicized paragraphs continuously, and so discover the masterpiece of storytelling they are confronted with. For that reason, I wish the story had not been broken up.

When the notes specify rearrangement I have been led, out of curiosity, to see what the rearrangements are. In themselves they are usually slight: the beginning of a sentence altered by two or three words for the sake of a transition; or a paragraph transposed or inserted into the middle of another paragraph, in a slightly different context. It is occasionally disconcerting to find that items follow one another sometimes with no white space or printer's symbol to warn the reader that the source has shifted. In two instances material from the journal is misdated. Passages are sometimes identified not by a phrase taken from the text, as is customary, but by the subject under consideration, with the result that identification becomes uncertain. And a note like "Except as noted, the remainder of this chapter, mostly written between 1932 and 1937, comes from Antaeus, JOAP ["Journal of a Poet," the title given to the selections from the journal that were published in the *New Yorker*], and the LB papers" is perhaps a bit slapdash. More serious than any of these things, however, is that the journal has been tightened up, made continually "relevant" to a theme that the editor is interested in presenting. The result is that the natural and always mysterious and, in the case of a poet, important association of ideas has been tampered with. For example, in the book the statement

> The poet represses the outright narrative of his life. He absorbs it, along with life itself. The repressed becomes the poem. Actually, I have written down my experiences in the closest detail. But the rough and vulgar facts are not there.

stands by itself with a printer's decoration separating it from the preceding material. In the journal it is part of an entry that begins "Terrible dreams!" and goes on to describe a morning of wind and rain, the tail end of a hurricane. And the paragraph in question is followed by a sentence from Chekhov: "And all things are forgiven and it would be strange not to forgive." It seems to me that there has been a loss, intellectually and emotionally.

A case for editing can always be made, but the simple truth is that you cannot rearrange any writer's work without in some way altering the effect, and if it is a writer of the first quality, is it yours to rearrange, morally speaking? On the other hand, would any publisher have been willing to publish, in the year 1980, a small volume of the fragmented and not very voluminous journal of a first-rate but never wildly popular poet? The answer to this question, I am afraid, is no.

In a chronology at the beginning of the book, and by means of entries here and there, some if not all of the rough and vulgar facts of Louise Bogan's life are made known. She was born in Livermore Falls, Maine, in 1897. Her father found it hard to make a living, and moved his family from one ugly decaying Massachusetts mill town to another. They lived sometimes in a house of their own, more often in shabby hotels and boardinghouses. It was a world teetering on the edge of nightmare. Of her mother she says,

> Secrecy was bound up in her nature. She could not go from one room to another without the intense purpose that must cover itself with stealth. She closed the door as though she had said goodbye to me and to truth and to the lamp she had cleaned that morning and to the table soon to be laid for supper. . . . When she stood in front of the mirror adjusting her veil, it could mean she was going to church or downtown, but it could also be that she was going to the city, to her other world; it could mean trouble.

After witnessing a violent scene between her mother and father that she was too young to understand, she was gathered up in her mother's arms and when she woke the next morning she and her mother and another woman were in a wooden summerhouse on a lawn in front of a house she had never seen before. Once her mother was gone for weeks and they had no idea where she was or with whom. "A terrible, unhappy, lost, spoiled, bad-tempered child. A tender, contrite woman, with, somewhere in her blood, the rake's recklessness, the baffled artist's despair" is her summing up of this central figure of her childhood. And again, speaking of

Bob Hope and David Brinkley agree:
"Mark Russell is the funniest man in Washington."

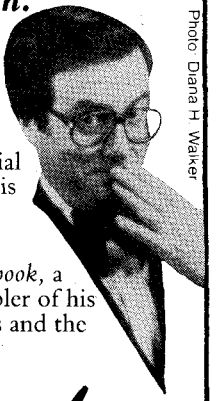


Photo: Diana H. Walker

Nightclub entertainer, newspaper columnist, NBC regular, and PBS-TV's comedy special star, Mark Russell is America's favorite political humorist.

Don't miss his first book, a side-splitting sampler of his best jabs at politics and the American scene.

PRESENTING
Mark Russell
$10.95
At your bookstore.

Everest House
1133 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her mother:

> I never truly feared her. Her tenderness was the other side of her terror. Perhaps, by this time, I had already become what I was for half my life: the semblance of a girl, in which some desires and illusions had been early assassinated: shot dead.

She was lucky in her schooling, and quick to educate herself. She began writing poetry in her early teens. After a year at Boston University she was offered a scholarship at Radcliffe and instead of taking it she married Curt Alexander, a corporal in the Army. He was, by her own description, a beautiful man and she was in love with him, but she also wanted to escape from her mother. When her husband was transferred to the Canal Zone she followed him, four months pregnant and so seasick when she arrived that she was taken off the boat on a stretcher. The unchanging tropical landscape struck her as hostile, and the marriage was a mistake. ("All we had in common was sex. Nothing to talk about. We played cards.") She left him twice, the second time permanently, and he died at 32. She supported herself and her infant daughter by working as a clerk in Brentano's and then as an assistant in various branches of the New York Public Library. Marianne Moore was working in one of them, but shyness prevented the younger woman from introducing herself. In 1922 Harriet Monroe took five of her poems for *Poetry*, and she went abroad on her widow's pension, to study the piano in Vienna. Her first published criticism was a review of D. H. Lawrence's "Birds, Beasts, and Flowers" for *The New Republic*, two years later. That same year her first book of poems was published by Robert M. McBride and Company. She married the poet Raymond Holden in 1925, and in 1931 had her first breakdown. ("I refused to fall apart, so I had to be taken apart, like a watch.") In 1933 she got a Guggenheim fellowship and went abroad for several months. While she was gone, her husband had an affair, which she found out about and could not forgive. She continued to live with him for a few months and then left him, though she was still deeply in love with him. According to John Hall Wheelock, who was her editor at Scribner's and her friend, the poet was damaged as well as the woman. She wrote very few poems from then until the very end of her life and even that recovery amounted to a handful of marvelous poems, not an outpouring. She supported herself by reviewing, by spells of teaching here and there, and by public readings. She had a lifelong fear that the squalor of her childhood would overtake her in old age. It did not. She was given many awards and honors. In 1965 she had a third breakdown, and recovered, and on the 4th of February, 1970, died alone in her apartment on West 169th Street, almost in the shadow of the George Washington Bridge.

It is a life equally full of accomplishment and suffering. The suffering was of a particularly terrible kind, but madness did not prevail. "It is not possible," she said,

> for a poet, writing in any language, to protect himself from the tragic elements in human life. . . . These are the subjects that the poet must speak of nearly from the first moment that he begins to speak.

William Maxwell

William Maxwell's most recent book is *So Long, See You Tomorrow* (Knopf).

A Modern Master

The State of Ireland: A Novella and Seventeen Stories by Benedict Kiely introduction by Thomas Flanagan

(Godine; $14.95)

This richly varied and beautifully produced collection puts Benedict Kiely in the front rank of modern short-story writers. While he follows from such Irish masters as Moore and Joyce, O'Connor and O'Faolain, the temper and manner of this northern Irishman's writing are very different from his predecessors'. Though once destined for the priesthood, Kiely secularized his outlook so thoroughly that he can express a fascination for women and their lives and a guiltless pleasure in the attractions of sex that are never undercut by any note of damp Jansenist remorse. His sense of society is democratic and complicated, reflecting the experience of growing up during the 1930s and World War II in a town, Omagh (County Tyrone), of a British province that was half Catholic and half Protestant and that was used as a staging area by American troops making ready for D-Day. Later on, after he had been in and out of seminary and launched a Dublin career as a novelist and journalist, he became a sort of Irish Charles Kuralt, junketing frequently to the remotest areas of the island, from where he sent articles to one of the Dublin dailies on local topography, history, and traditions. The keen sense of place in Kiely's stories and his animated—one reviewer has called it "Druidic"—rendering of the charms of Irish landscape, river and lough, mountain, bog, and glen, stem from a singularly intimate knowledge of his subject.

Another distinction of *The State of Ireland* is that it is political in the best sense. That is, the book is arranged to move from stories about private and domestic experience in Parts I to III toward a consideration in Parts IV and V of the severe problem of Northern Irish sectarian violence and the general Irish problem of which this violence is symptomatic. If there is an implied message to the embattled communities it would be Auden's "We must love one another or die." It's clear Benedict Kiely would not give a tinker's dam for an Ireland whose divided parts had been yoked into spurious unity at gunpoint. Rather, his book's title alludes approvingly to Conor Cruise O'Brien's *States of Ireland* (1973), a work of liberal political analysis which urged postponement of the question of reunification until all factions and sects, north and south, had been thoroughly reeducated and the teaching of Irish history reformed and demythicized.

As for manner, Kiely typically employs a self-surrogate in a loose and fluid "autobiographical" narrative which may jump about in time from earliest childhood to full maturity from story to story, or even within a story. There is much quotation and buried quotation from all sorts of high- and lowbrow sources—Shakespeare and Robert Burns, Irish balladry and news-

(continued on page 42)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Irish Art

Irish writers excel in brief forms, lyrical or dramatic. The English stage was moribund when Goldsmith and Sheridan came along; moribund again when Shaw and Wilde arrived; moribund once more when Synge and Yeats and O'Casey showed that the stage needed poetry as well as wit. The two greatest poets of the last 100 years have been Yeats, a Dublin Protestant, and Hopkins, an English Jesuit who died while a professor at University College, both scions of a culture of the ear which the Anglo-Saxons, who pride themselves on sharpness of the eye and quickness of the trigger finger, began to neglect when Cromwell put his curse on the Commonwealth. Because Irish literature depends so much on the ear, it seems to follow that it does best in the poem and the short story. The short story is a form you may listen to, and its length conforms to the span of attention that a listener may give to an oral narrator. Edgar Allan Poe said that a piece of literature should be like a piece of music, brief enough for the single uninterrupted session. He did not write novels, and the Irish do not write them either.

That assertion seems demented, or, if you like, Irish. How about *Ulysses*, the greatest novel of the age? *Ulysses*, alas, is not a novel, it is a grossly expanded short story and began its life as a possible component of *Dubliners*. Joyce greatly admired the Book of Kells and acknowledged its influence on *Finnegans Wake*, another non-novel: you take a simple statement, like *Tunc*, and embroider it to the limit. *At Swim-Two-Birds* is not a novel either. If a novel is a long work whose length is justified by the presentation of characters capable of moral or temperamental change, then the Irish, who have a very idiosyncratic notion of human character, are not greatly given to the form. George Moore? Moore was a Frenchman. Maria Edgeworth? You perhaps have me there.

Whatever harebrained theory I may have about the aptitude of the Irish for the composition of short stories, there is no doubt that the brief narrative is the form in which they excel. A character is revealed, not in the imposition upon him of a large number of vicissitudes, which is the way of the novel, but in some single incident. Joyce used to talk of the "epiphany" ("He got some Greek out of his Latin lessons," Gogarty sourly said), meaning the showing forth of some great truth in the presentation of the ordinary. The magi came to worship the savior of the world and found him wrapped in dirty blankets in a derelict stable. Brightness does not fall from the air but suddenly flashes out of the filthy Liffey or the remark of a prostitute pinning up her hair for the evening's trade. The truth about human nature is revealed in an instant, when the epiphanic character responds to the fumes of the 10th whiskey or a chance word about his sister Kate.

It is the poetical element in the Irish that enables their writers to set up atmosphere in a few words; they do not need the laborious constructive apparatus of a Balzac. Their stories establish place, season, historical moment with the minimum of words. Then we proceed steadily, with the only economy which Irish people seem able to manage well, to revelation of character and, very frequently, to an implied revelation of what is known as the Irish character. Nobody really knows what the Irish character is. Any attempt to define it results in the recounting of anecdotes, so we may as well eschew definition, tell the story, and have done with it. Sigmund Freud said that the Irish were the only race which could not profit from psychoanalysis. One of his followers split up human psychology into two categories, the Irish and non-Irish. The Irish, like the Neapolitans, are not sure what truth is, and they have a system of logic which defies logic. They have something in common with Chekhov's Russians. I was taking a bath in a Leningrad hotel when the floor concierge yelled that she had a cable for me. "Put it under the door," I cried. "I can't," she shouted, "it's on a tray." There is a deep logic, or epistemology, there which is far from absurd. The Irish and the Russians have one way of looking at entities (the entity in this instance was a cable-on-a-tray) and the rest of the world another. There is another aspect of the Russo-Irish character which is too profound to pursue here—the discontinuity, the lack of a bundle of binding attributes. The hero of the biggest work of Irish fiction is a Hungarian Jew (really a Triestine one): he has a unity, a solidity of identity, which his fellow citizens do not. He holds together, by his very foreignness, the personages of another *Dubliners*.

The Irish always have something to write about. Present-day Northern Ireland recapitulates the struggles of the past and is producing, chiefly in the work of citizens of the Free State, a new literature of bitter violence. I spent two years recently as fiction critic for *The Irish Press* and was overwhelmed with volumes of short stories, mainly published in Dublin, which were rich in the age-old themes: the paradox of a green land dedicated to powerful faith and rural tranquillity being torn by urban struggles; the thrust of bigotry and the unexpected revelation of charity; the sense of a turbulent history as old as the papal bull *Laudabilitur* present in every moment of violent enactment; the baffling refusal of the "Irish character" to conform to exotic parameters. What is always most notable is the presence of a kind of grace—a moral elegance that frames all sorts of wretchedness.

But the themes, and the styles, of [Irish] stories . . . defy generalization. What they all have in common is, I suppose, an awareness of verbal tradition. When a word is used it carries not only its present meaning but a haze of harmonics derived from the long sounding of that word in the literature of the past. Such modern American novelists as Thomas Pynchon have attempted to free literature from its literary associations, to make the allusions derive from comic strip, television soap opera, *Time* magazine—anything but books. The Irish, tied to their past, are tied also to the literature of the past. Not even Joxer in *Juno and the Paycock*, seedy quoter of cracker mottoes and 10th-rate melodramas, can divest himself of culture. Irish writers try to add to the literature they already know. They are serious craftsmen aware of the devotion to craft of their own predecessors, right back to the bards.

Anthony Burgess

Anthony Burgess's most recent novel is *Earthly Powers* (Simon and Schuster). This essay is adapted from the preface to *Modern Irish Short Stories*, edited by Ben Forkner. ©1980 by Ben Forkner. Published by arrangement with the Viking Press.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

paper doggerel, pop songs and movie hits of the Ginger Rogers to Doris Day era—which may be interspersed with stunning bits of natural description laid out in the most elegant and crafted prose. The narrator of these stories is genial, sly, gregarious, and extroverted. He wants to party with the reader, just as a reader might imagine partying with the rather Falstaffian author appearing full-length on the back jacket, staring straight out at the viewer, with a cool, scrutinizing look from under wickedly arched eyebrows.

Or rather, he wants to perform for you because Benedict Kiely, man and boy, is a born performer. Take the little story, "The Night We Rode with Sarsfield," which introduces the later Ulster story group in Part IV. The narrator recalls how as a small boy he used to go next door with his three sisters to visit a kindly Presbyterian couple, Willy and Jinny, and eat the delicious hot scones that Jinny baked. The two poor families, side by side, papist and Protestant, shared a common thatched roof over their attached dwellings. Once the youngster, coaxed to perform in Jinny's kitchen, bellowed out a fierce IRA song he'd just learned, then encored by reciting an old ballad celebrating Catholic resistance at the Siege of Limerick in 1690. His sisters were mortified, but Willy the Orangeman laughed his head off and even got quite entranced by the "good story, well-told," of the ballad.

This tale of child life is a bit misplaced from its natural position in the collection just to make a point about the deterioration of Protestant-Catholic relations in the course of time. The next story, "Bluebell Meadow," set in the 1930s, is about a Protestant boy and Catholic girl whose friendship and budding affection are wrecked by sectarian pressures. From the same town, they used to meet at a lovely small riverside park where she liked to read her book in good weather. He'd come by and make her gifts of fish when his luck was good and once gave her a few bullets for no particular reason. Their relation, however, is giving scandal to bigots of the town and she is warned by the local Orange Lodge grand master—a butcher when he's working—to stick to her own kind. Then she is summoned by the police to give testimony about the wretched bullets. The boy is thrown out of the B-Specials, a paramilitary Protestant force dedicated to the principle of "croppies lie down," and the two young people end up not speaking when they pass each other on the street.

As for the way the park and town look now, why—

> the children's swings and all the seats were gone, smashed some time before by reluctant young soldiers from the North English cities doing their national service. Repair work had been planned but then the bombings and murders began. [Now] the soldiers go about in bands, guns at the ready, in trucks and armoured cars. There are burned out buildings in the main streets—although the great barracks is unscathed—and barricades and checkpoints at the ends of the town. . . . Still, other towns are worse. Strabane which was on the border and easy to bomb is a burned-out wreck. And Newry, where the people badly needed shops and factories, and not ruins. And Derry is like Dresden on the day after.

It was ever so much better before, when the narrator of "The Little Wrens and Robins," about to go to college in Dublin, would visit with his poetastering cousin, Ellen Lagan, who was dying of consumption, and listen to her recite the charming sentimental verses she tried to have published in the newspapers. Or she would just talk about culture and romance ("Freckled people are always great talkers and even illness could not stop her tongue") while he indulged in sexual fantasies about the pretty servant girl in his mother's inn who'd walloped him when he tried kissing her. Other fine stories which blend life, death, comedy, and sex in a heady mixture are "A Great God's Angel's Standing," "Maiden's Leap," and the very subtle and beautiful "A Room in Linden." "The Dogs in the Great Glen," though finely written, is a bit Brigadoonish to my way of thinking, but the first story, "The Wild White Bronco," about a town where the eccentric, the unsuccessful, and the unlucky are secure in the esteem and charitable concern of their more fortunate fellow-townsmen, is both wonderful and probable. For even the golden boy, Isaac, the Fusilier's son, "the best fighter our town ever had," proves vulnerable and mortal when he falls fighting his way to the Rhine with a British unit during World War II.

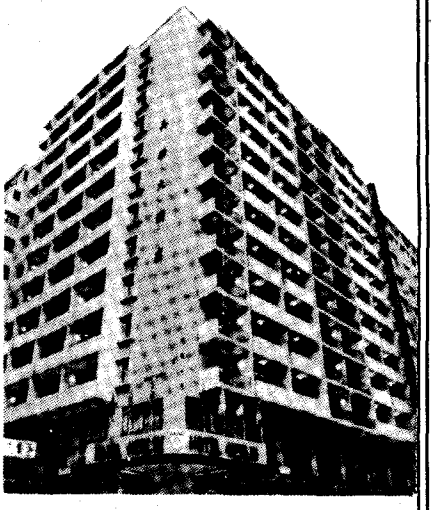
Although Benedict Kiely is a Dublin author and Dublin wit there is only one Dublin story, "A Ball of Malt and Madame Butterfly," but it is a good one. It features some excellent bawdry about the romance of a literary-minded Anglo-

All This and Hong Kong Too. Yours at the Merlin.

The Merlin Hotel is strategically located in the heart of Kowloon's famous shopping, business and entertainment district. The spacious rooms have been totally redecorated to suit your comfort and enjoyment. Step out on your balcony and experience the magnificence of Hong Kong's famous harbour. Inside, enjoy the comfort and serenity of home.

For conducting your important business, the Merlin provides a spacious executive lounge, secretarial services and fully equipped offices.

The comforts of home. The convenience of our executive facilities. The splendour of Hong Kong. Yours at the Merlin. Be our honoured guest.



Reservations Toll Free: (800) 223-9868

The Merlin Hotel
No. 2 Hankow Road, Kowloon
Tel: 3-667211 Telex: HX54291
Cable: Merlin in Hong Kong
In New York, call (212) 757-2981

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Irishman named Hunter with a Eurasian girl who is a second-generation Dublin tart and, in the opinion of many, the meanest whore in the city. Yeats and Maud Gonne—she by then a gaunt old lady wearing a black veil—put in a cameo appearance on a deserted street, and when Hunter, thinking to relive the Yeatsian romance, takes "Butterfly" on an excursion to the Hill of Howth ("Maud Gonne at Howth station waiting a train/Pallas Athene in that straight back and arrogant head"), all hell breaks loose.

A few words of praise should be offered for the book's design and production, for Thomas Flanagan's affectionate, knowledgeable introduction, and for the striking black and white photographs, supplied by the Irish Tourist Board, which mark the five main divisions of the text. As both artifact and work of art the book is worth the money.

Julian Moynahan

Julian Moynahan teaches Anglo-Irish literature at Rutgers College.

A Genealogy of Mind

Under the Sign of Saturn by Susan Sontag

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $10.95)

"The highest criticism," said Oscar Wilde, is "the record of one's own soul. . . . It is the only civilized form of autobiography." Susan Sontag, at the center of her new collection of essays, finds a similar truth revealed in the work of the cultural critic Walter Benjamin, who "projected himself, his temperament, into all his major subjects, and his temperament determined what he chose to write about." Like Wilde's, Sontag's invitation seems clear enough, for the varieties of her own cultural career since the middle 1960s (five collections of essays, three films, two novels, and a collection of short stories) entice us as well to wonder what beyond a voice of impersonal but passionate authority binds it together and where her self resides within the work.

Trying to assess *Under the Sign of Saturn* therefore crucially requires a coherent definition of Sontag's cultural presence over the last 15 years, not least because she now seems to be wondering the same thing about herself. Each essay treats someone whose accomplishment might be a model or a cautionary example for what Sontag, in speaking of Elias Canetti, calls the "itinerant intellectual," the cultural commentator and theoretician who supports himself through the personal entrepreneurship of books, articles, grants, and the occasional teaching position—without any permanent academic post and therefore without any corporate allegiances to local or neighborhood humanisms.

The master image of this self-assemblage is in the first paragraph, and it is characteristically expressed as a purification. There Sontag depicts herself sitting down to write an essay on Paul Goodman, who has just died. She is in a sparsely or spartanly furnished room in Paris—which she describes in some detail—stripped down, she says, "while finding a new space inside my head . . . to make a new start with as little capital as possible to fall back on."

In fact, although the essay on Goodman and those that follow (on Artaud, Leni Riefenstahl, Walter Benjamin, Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's film *Our Hitler*, Roland Barthes, and Canetti) appeared in print between 1972 and 1980, in this collection they form an almost inevitable suite on the theme of the critic/artist in search of an audience that by its understanding will bring him into being.

Since her first essays began appearing in the mid-1960s, all of Sontag's critical writing has focused on the question of intellectual connection: what is the central tradition of Western thought in the 20th century and which writers have contributed most to its creation? In the midst of the conflict and collapse of nations, she implies, the reestablishment of a clear genealogy of mind could overlay and make coherent the disruptions and fragmentations of individual careers and beshrewed lives. The mediations of the critical perspective would create a "new sensibility" (as she called it in *Against Interpretation*) hospitable to what was best regardless of preexisting cultural prejudice (her examples are Jasper Johns, Jean-Luc Godard, and the Beatles), reconnecting the broken fragments of tradition.

In *Under the Sign of Saturn* Sontag is at work again reshaping the canon of modern European literature. Her particular polemic—a strong element in the general thrust of postwar New York literary criticism—is to celebrate the leopards in the temple of literature, not those cool and calm consciousnesses (like the Sophocles and Shakespeare of Matthew Arnold) who abided all questions and saw life whole, but those whose own derangement allowed them to explode the lies of order so that better forms might be discovered. In her criticism she labors to turn even the most self-isolating, uncompromising, and personally outrageous of such figures (I think here especially of Artaud) into humane teachers, whose flame, all the brighter for being trimmed, she will pass on to future generations.

In the 1960s such a critical project was both exuberant and expansive. But as Sontag wrote further and became part of the critical establishment herself, her tone became more sober and somber, until in *Saturn* she finds a moral and emotional benchmark in the melancholic temperament (specifically Benjamin's), with its "self-conscious and unforgivable relation to the self, which can never be taken for granted," born

PUT YOUR BELIEFS INTO ACTION....
OPEN Invest in Open Housing
Help fight racial segregation. Invest in a non-profit fund which finances affordable mortgages for minorities and whites making housing moves that foster racially diverse neighborhoods. You can earn 8-10% on 7-20 year $1,000 debentures.
For facts, clip and mail to:
NR12
Morris Milgram
Fund for an OPEN Society
1901 East-West Highway, T-2
Silver Spring, MD 20910
Name: _____
Address: _____
_____ Zip: _____
This is not an offer to sell these securities. The offering is made only by the Investment Description—available only in states where these securities may be offered

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

under "the star of the slowest revolution, the planet of detours and delays." Sontag's heroes are, therefore, those writers whose acute sense of the difficulties of using language properly allows them, paradoxically, to pierce its veil and see into the heart of things. Without being system-builders, they search for the core of a newly whole reality that gives due respect to the fragmentations of 20th-century knowledge and perception. Descending, like T. S. Eliot, from the late 19th-century French symbolist poets, this "heroic avant-garde" of critic/artists constitutes a next generation of self-awareness. But their work (or anti-work) makes Eliot's ruminations on the way words lose meaning seem like optimism—if only because he could express such sentiments poetically and thereby for the moment divert their destructive potential.

Part of the heroism of these writers comes from their struggle to create a Total Work—modernism's version of the Bible—whose virtuoso arrangement and articulation of the fragments embodies a bold and decisive synthesis. But they feel (much more cripplingly than did, say, Eliot or Pound or Joyce) the futility of such an effort, even if it could be accomplished. Here then is the other side of avant-garde heroism: the willful incompleteness and fragmentation of the artist's own work. In the array of modernist masters, Sontag is more attracted to the noble failures than to the proud successes, for they understand that questioning never ends and that artistic language has no special status when language itself is on trial.

In *On Photography* Sontag remarks that "all possibility of understanding is rooted in the ability to say no," that is, to resist the versions of reality others press upon us. The heroism of the rampant artist in search of the Total Work may seem to define that protest. Yet the 20th century has also taught us that the Total Work—authoritative, self-sufficient, and infinitely interpretable—can easily verge at one extreme into a fascistic blurring of distinctions and at the other into a formless multiplication of objects and gestures. By attacking such extremes, Sontag hopes to preserve the integrity of the original vision. In *Saturn* it is the monolithic aestheticizing of experience that gets the brunt of her wrath. Some of her early essays explored film, camp culture, and science fiction in part to undermine the tradition of high seriousness in literary and cultural criticism. But in *Saturn* she finds the aesthetic pose to be colored with self-indulgence and edged with fascism. In *On Photography*, by contrast, her main target is the democratic aesthetic of pre-packaged life, the trivializing repetition of the image that smothers true value in a myriad of titillating inessentials. In *Illness as Metaphor* she condemns the way we have used metaphoric language to obscure and mystify the physical and material world, turning diseases into imagery, metamorphosing the final reality of bodily decay and death into the shrouded fantasies of moral pollution and staining sin. Like the mute, deceptive images in the photographs she scorns in *On Photography*, the metaphoric uses to which cancer and tuberculosis have been put screens our minds from—Sontag, unlike Nabokov, doesn't want to put the word into quotation marks—reality.

Reality is a crucial term for Sontag, not least because, for all her appreciation of movies, she is specifically hostile to what she calls nominalism, the view that there are no absolute concepts or ideas, only words that are socially accepted ways of communicating. Of course, the philosophical realist need not live entirely in a world of Platonic ideas and the nominalist is hardly happy only when he contemplates fragments and ruins. But Sontag's sympathies are clear. Her goal is an understanding of what is essential and what is real, and those she most admires retain a Platonic sensitivity to the disorder of the world and a Platonic faith in the ability of mind to penetrate that disorder and find truth.

TO CELEBRATE such a project, even or especially in the works of those for whom the failure to achieve is a vital part of the meaning of the quest, requires the honing presence of villains. In *Saturn* they are Leni Riefenstahl and Adolf Hitler, who embody the evil that results when a falsely coherent artistic perspective is applied to the world. Because the critic/artists Sontag admires and explicates in *Saturn* wear their marginality like a banner, she particularly resents Riefenstahl's efforts to characterize herself as "the beautiful outcast," as if Hitler's patronage never happened. Intriguingly enough, the false artist Riefenstahl is also the only woman depicted in a gallery of heroic critic/artists whose frequent misogyny or lack of feminist consciousness Sontag sometimes fleetingly notes. But Riefenstahl, whatever her status as Sontag's personal anti-type in *Saturn*, explicitly embodies the artist totally coopted and compromised in great part because of her success in putting her aesthetic ideas into political practice. Sontag never implies that, if Artaud and Benjamin or others in her pantheon were in power, the results would be beneficent or even predictable. Their influence is less on action than on other minds, and it is in the sufficiency of mind, its continuous critical presence, that Sontag rests her ultimate value. Mind, that is, primarily as expressed in books; mind as opposed to body; mind that cures the fallible individual of the frailties of body and the sliverings of vision by its rigor, clarity, and spirit.

To pursue the life of the mind and maintain its vitality in the face of both the dehumanizing horrors of 20th-century war and the more subtle dehumanizations of technological advance and aesthetic democratization, implies Sontag, requires the self-questioning detachment of the melancholic critic/artist, whose essentially passive objectivity her own style seems to imitate. Ever since the Renaissance, melancholy has been the mark of the artist whose work or aspiration made claims on the philosophic and eternal. Sometimes the melancholic artist, separated from ordinary men by his link to what is permanent, could be a satirist as easily as a high-stalking dreamer of the divine. (Dürer keeps his edge; Swift turns away from transcendence almost entirely.) Sontag's essays are in fact filled with traditional satiric themes—the incoherence of public sources of information, the corrupt emptiness of theatrical versions of reality, the pressure that time and bodily decay put on human aspirations—even though she never writes satire as such (unless you count, as I tend to, *On Photography*). Instead, she is fascinated with the effort, through writing and sometimes film, of creative individuals to be Romantic eccentrics in a time of mass societies. The strategies of such an assertion obviously have changed since the days of Wordsworth, Byron, and Napoleon. But Sontag adds her own emphasis on the importance of the melancholic's corrosive self-awareness. In the view that she derives primarily from Benjamin, 20th-century history has forced the critic/artist to take up a custodial relation to the world—collecting, deciphering, rearranging what is discovered into patterns that in their

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turn must be criticized. Enter, then, the interpreter of such writers, who deciphers *their* references and fragments not by the piecemeal process of ascertaining the meaning of each but by enlightening us about the cultural significance of such fragmented referentiality.

Such a role suited Sontag well in her earlier incarnation as a questioner of critical and cultural clichés, when her special status as an émigré by adoption allowed her to champion many artists and thinkers whose moral purpose was often less clear than her own. But in our climate of confusion over what political, aesthetic, or spiritual leadership might be, *Under the Sign of Saturn* raises more questions than its ideals can satisfy. Where Sontag once strode the marches in search of outlandish but crucial sensibilities to bring back struggling and vital to the general reader, her trophies now have the slightly greenish tinge of the coterie or the salon. The fault lies more in her net than in her quarry.

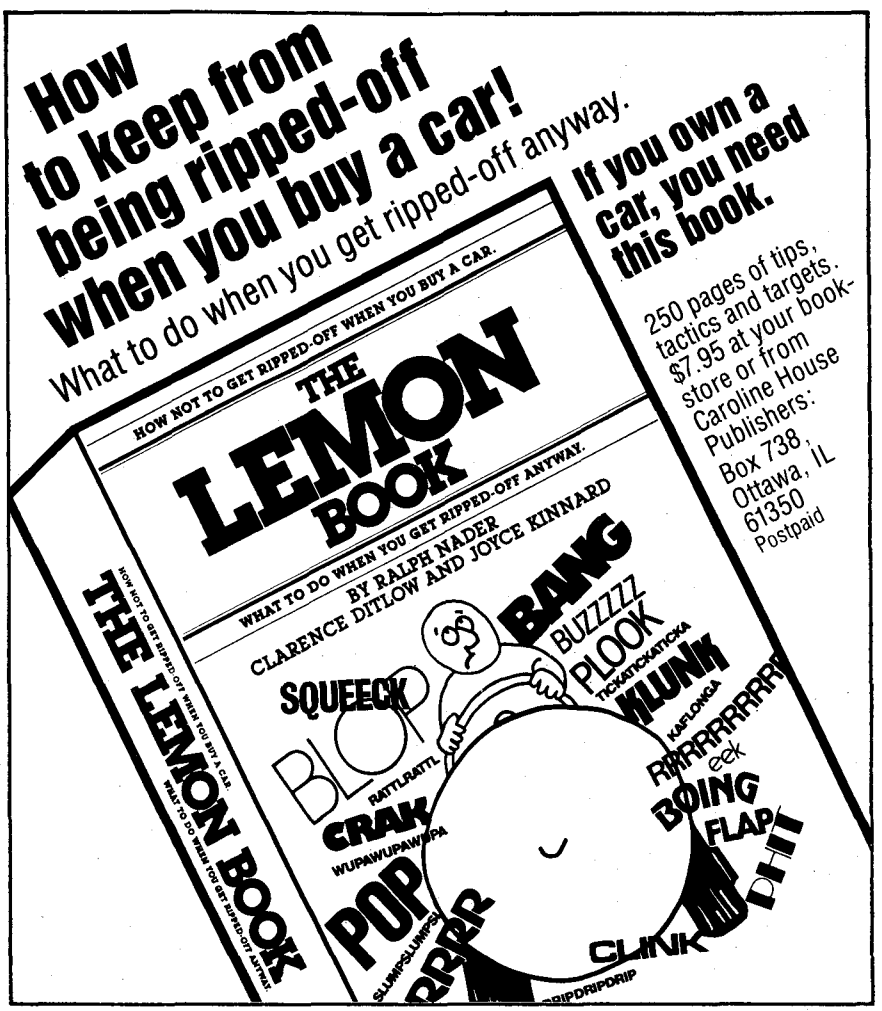
In essence, I think it is difficult for Sontag to maintain an argument that attacks one side of Romantic individualism (that leads to political megalomania) in order to accept another (that leads to artistic self-aggrandizement). I hardly want to equate the two myself: strutting artists do much less harm than strutting dictators. But the paradox of the grandly assertive work of art that attacks the grandly assertive gesture in the public world of politics is a delicate one indeed, and Sontag is unconvincing about the terms of the competition, perhaps because she is so caught up in it herself. Syberberg's *Our Hitler* is Sontag's set piece here—"probably the most ambitious Symbolist work of this century"—and *Saturn*'s structure very carefully poises it against Riefenstahl's *Triumph of the Will*. In this implicit contrast Syberberg is the modernist virtuoso of fragments, playing in the spray of 20th-century images, constantly aware of the lie and deceit of all visual insignia, while Riefenstahl is the monolithic God's-eye director, soaring over the world like her subject, reducing all to pattern, sentimentally invoking the coercive abstractions of leader, nation, and body, and leaving her film unetched by any nuance of individual life and doubt.

In this contest the palm is clearly to Syberberg (or to Sontag's account of him). But from the competition seeps a corruption of means and terminology. Sontag devotes some telling comments to Syberberg's ambivalent relation to Wagner (who plays second fiddle to Hitler in the film), but scants the extent to which Syberberg, with his seven-hour film, administers an aesthetic dictatorship to his audience in order to purge the political dictatorship whose paraphernalia he portrays. Movies especially raise the question of how to draw the line between aesthetic and political control. Welles may satirize Citizen Kane, but Welles also becomes Kane (and to our loss seems to have stayed that way). Must the artist counter the sins of political absolutism by an absolute gesture of his own?

Sontag no doubt thinks that melancholic self-questioning can keep the true artist and critic from such indulgences. But the coolness of her own style belies her prescriptions for self-awareness. Melancholia, as every Elizabethan knew, is as much a means of drawing attention to oneself as it is a psychic communion with higher values. Sontag remarks on the fact that many of the exemplary thinkers she treats—from the modernist monk Artaud to the goliard intellectual Goodman—were riven by the worry that they hadn't been appreciated, hadn't become famous enough.

Such an inquiry is especially appropriate for Sontag, who burst forth in the early 1960s, when the fashionable world was ripe to take note of a critical talent that a few years before would have been much less widely celebrated because her direct sphere of influence would have been much smaller. But in the wake of the Kennedy years critics and thinkers and creative artists were starting to be news and a photograph of Sontag and her son appeared in a fashion magazine.

For the secular writer and artist, musing on the face of death and the failure of the body and mind, the question of fame is crucial. If *On Photography* is Sontag's belated neoplatonist turning away from that image of the critic in vogue, then *Under the Sign of Saturn* is her effort to reassess the public aspect of her pursuit of a career that has been defined historically by its distaste for public life and display. Searching for the shape of other careers, she implicitly meditates on her own: what am I to make of this pile of books that in some way is me? The question is all too mod-


How to keep from being ripped-off when you buy a car!
What to do when you get ripped-off anyway.
If you own a car, you need this book.
250 pages of tips, tactics and targets. $7.95 at your book-store or from Caroline House Publishers: Box 738, Ottawa, IL 61350 Postpaid
HOW NOT TO GET RIPPED-OFF WHEN YOU BUY A CAR.
THE LEMON BOOK
WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU GET RIPPED-OFF ANYWAY.
BY RALPH NADER
CLARENCE DITLOW AND JOYCE KINNARD
THE LEMON BOOK
SQUEECK
BLOP
BANG
BUZZZZZ
PLOOK
KLUNK
CRAK
POP
BOING
FLAP
CLINK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ern. At the end of the Middle Ages Chaucer's *House of Fame* described statues of the great writers of antiquity, each holding up his greatest work. By the 18th century, in Pope's rewriting of Chaucer, *The Temple of Fame*, they are standing on top of their books. Sontag similarly first dons the costumes of her various heroes and villains and then packs each neatly away in the cultural closet. As always, her intelligence makes her essays refreshing, even though we may often learn less about her subjects than about what she thinks of them and how their ideas affected her. In pursuit of new connections she has fashioned a rhetoric of subordination that puts her forward as the humble lightning rod of culture. This is my tradition, she seems to say, these are my boys, and thus the Romantic project of finding the heart of a culture in its eccentrics winds up recommending instead the eccentricity of its own quest.

Leo Braudy

Leo Braudy teaches English at Johns Hopkins and is finishing a book on the history of fame as a cultural idea.

Brief Review

Fault Lines
by James Carroll

(Little, Brown; $11.95)

Fault Lines starts out as a common domestic drama: a woman fights her estranged second husband for her independence and the custody of her small son. Her marital struggle is complicated by the presence of an outsider—her first husband's brother, with whom she once had a short-lived affair. This simple story takes on a sinister note when the three protagonists' precarious states of mind are considered. Eddie (Edna) is so terrified that her husband, Cheney, will kidnap her son that she lashes out at any perceived threat. Cheney can barely control his anger and violence, and is starting to confuse his motivations with those he portrays in rehearsing the lead role of *Richard III*. Dolan, a draft-dodger who has just come home, is consumed with guilt over his brother's death in Vietnam and, moreover, is convinced he's being tailed by the FBI.

James Carroll heightens the foreboding atmosphere in his novel by interweaving fragments from *Richard III*. Cheney maliciously uses the play to orchestrate his increasingly bitter confrontation with Eddie and Dolan. He explicates Shakespeare's drama, presenting Richard in turn as the rightful heir, a seducer, a usurper, a brave warrior-king, each interpretation reflecting the problems of the other two adults, preying on their guilt and their fears. In his intense identification with his role, Cheney refrains from mentioning the aspect of Richard he most dreads as his own potential: that of child-killer. In a key scene, the child, Bren, characteristically odd and fanciful, triggers Cheney's violence merely by revealing his fantasy of being the "prince of whales."

Coincidences like this occasionally seem strained. But more often they increase the tension as the characters, impelled by their own flaws, inevitably fulfill the fates so clearly set out for them in the author's design. For example, Cheney plays Richard III as growing figuratively and literally twisted as the action progresses—a precise prediction of Cheney's own development in the novel. This grotesque transformation is out of proportion with the domestic strife that sets it off. Carroll uses this imbalance, counterweighing histrionic Cheney with the more appealing Eddie and Bren. His story engages the reader by suspense and identification with characters, and by the very contraditions he has incorporated into its form.

Lisa Derman

If You Love Words,
you'll love **VERBATIM,** The Language Quarterly, dealing with all aspects of language. Send $7.50 (U.S.) or $8.50 (elsewhere) for a one-year subscription, starting with the current issue. Money back if not pleased. Allow 6 weeks.
VERBATIM POST OFFICE BOX 668 NP ESSEX, CT 06426 U.S.A.

Paperbacks

Endless Love
by Scott Spencer

(Avon; $2.75)

A seemingly ordinary 17-year-old, David Axelrod, falls in love with Jade Butterfield and spends most of his days and nights in the warm, permissive Butterfield home. When the excessive intensity of the affair prompts the Butterfields to banish David from their house for one month, David sets the house on fire. Ten years later, David tells the story of the endless, obsessive love that began its twisted demise when, in his words, he "stepped far from the pathway of normal life and in a moment's time ruined everything I loved." In reviewing *Endless Love* in these pages, Anne Tyler concluded: "Something happens in this book; both its hero and its readers have been changed by the time it ends. Scott Spencer is a magnificent writer and *Endless Love* is his finest novel."

The Year of the French
by Thomas Flanagan

(Pocket Books; $3.75)

In the summer of 1798, a tall-masted French ship was sighted off the coast of Ireland's County Mayo. It was to carry the French revolution into a country ripe for rebellion against the British crown. Thomas Flanagan masterfully orchestrates passages of action with the contemplative memoirs of major characters to tell the story of Ireland's largely Catholic peasantry—the "army of the Gael"—who, with French assistance, rose up against Protestant oppression in the bogs and backward towns of 18th-century Ireland. *The Year of the French* won the National Book Critics Circle Award in 1979.

The Madwoman in the Attic
by Sandra M. Gilbert and Susan Gubar

(Yale University Press; $10.95)

Gilbert and Gubar argue that emerging women writers were fighting an uphill battle against both the Western notion that authors as *fathers* of texts possessed a literary virility that no woman could hope to match, and against their own doubts about authoring and influencing. But by the end of the 18th century, the authors claim, women "were not only writing, they were conceiving fictional worlds in which patriarchal images and conventions were severely, radically revised." Gilbert and Gubar find distinct patterns of confinement imagery and a consistent use of a dou-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ble female role to express repressed rebellion—the madwoman in the attic (Charlotte Brontë's Bertha Mason) versus the angel of the house (Alcott's Beth March).

Although Gilbert's and Gubar's support of these unusual interpretations is sometimes inadequate and they occasionally force 19th-century attitudes into 20th-century molds, *Madwoman in the Attic* is the perfect interpretative companion for a rereading of the 19th-century greats and an important step in feminist literary criticism.

Confessions of a Conservative by Garry Wills

(Penguin; $3.95)

In *Confessions of a Conservative*, part autobiography and part political reflection, Garry Wills writes of his 10-year career at William Buckley's *National Review* and his reporting on the 1960s for *Esquire*; he also proposes that we view conservatism as a humane and discerning political philosophy. Though many will dispute Wills's conclusions, "he is a thinker of the first rank," our reviewer Jack Beatty judged. "He combines the vigor of the social critic with the depth of the historian, and to these he adds the even rarer gifts of the philosopher."

Correspondence, *from page 7*

this for along time, with no straight answers, but I'll try one more time: which of these two features makes the human life amendment a kooky right-wing peculiarity? Is it the idea of inalienable human rights? or is it the idea of legislating according to the facts?

Richard Doerflinger
Washington, DC

Another satisfied customer

To the editors:

You should be as red-faced as the pollsters, consistently wrong before the fact; and now (issue of November 8) you become even sillier. TRB writes his essay *before* the 4th and perhaps then goes fishing. John Osborne's "The Hostage Game" history is equally useless and Morton Kondracke plainly listened to a different debate than the one I heard: contrasted to the "ah shucks" of Reagan we had the blatant little man mouthing his nasty distortions as if indeed Reagan was going to scrap all his noble advances, destroy the economy (!), and threaten the country with the possibilities of war.

But the fact of disagreement, which is healthy enough, pales before the larger sin of publishing such a tardy opening essay. I would be as well informed, and better entertained, reading *Newsweek* at the doctor's office.

W. M. Galbraith
Pasadena, California

P.S. Your "poetry" is almost always bad.

Rancher and the three Rs

To the editors:

Megan Marshall, in her review of my book, *Group Memory* (*TNR*, November 8), was apparently so eager to set me up as a straw man that she made several factual errors. She describes me as a "former Harvard admissions officer" (wrong), as one who has "spent much of the past two decades in college administration" (wrong again), and as one of "these academic bureaucrats" (wrong a third time). I am a Montana rancher, guide, and outfitter and have run an environmental program for teenagers here for seven years. I have *never* held a paid position in academic administration, although I did teach philosophy for 12 years and did serve on a Harvard alumni admissions advisory committee.

As someone who lives in a log cabin 24 miles from the nearest telephone and 10 miles from the nearest neighbor, I am particularly amused to see myself described as a bureaucrat.

Alston Chase
Great Falls, Montana

The editors welcome correspondence from TNR's readers. Letters intended for publication should include the correspondent's full name, address, and telephone number, should be typed double-spaced, and held to under 200 words. Longer letters may be abridged due to lack of space.

The New Republic Classified

THE NEW REPUBLIC CLASSIFIED IS A WEEKLY FEATURE. Ads are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates: one time ad $1/word, six ads per year $.95/word, 12 ads per year $.90/word, 24 times per year $.85/word, 48 times per year $.80/word. Telephone numbers count as 2 words. P.O. numbers and abbreviations count as one word. Zone numbers and zip codes are not counted. Additional $4.50 for TNR box numbers. Classified display ads are $30/inch. Bold headline, signature and inset available. Complete rate card upon request. Send your check/money order with your copy, or give us your Visa/MasterCharge # and we'll charge it to your account. Copy must be received 19 days prior to the Saturday issue date. Phone orders accepted with Visa/MasterCharge only. Send copy or call collect: Theresa Miller, The New Republic Magazine, 1220 19th St., N.W., Washington, DC 20036. (202) 331-7494.

America's Future

HELP TO KEEP OUR PRESIDENT ON COURSE. An easy to understand copy of his promises is now available for framing. Get involved now! Send $5.00 to: M. Simmons, P.O. Box 1060, Glen Burnie MD 21061.

Arts & Crafts

JAPANESE WOODBLOCK PRINT REPRODUCTIONS. Masterpieces by Utamaro, Hokusai, Hiroshige, etc. New catalogue illustrated 600 subjects, $10.00 (seamail). No wholesale available. Adachi Institute of Woodcut Prints, CPO Box 362, Tokyo, Japan.

Make wine and beer yourself. Extensive catalog: B & J Enterprises, 1845 S. 19th, Springfield, IL 62703.

Associations

THEMM-The Equally Moral Minority. Bullock, 5072 Stoneboat, Columbia, MD 21044.

Blankets

ORGONE ENERGY BLANKETS, a Life Energy device invented by Wilhelm Reich, M.D. Three layer construction. Use blanket to absorb healing life energy directly from atmosphere. Instructions included. $99.00. Also Reichian Dor Busters $399; Lakhovsky Multi-Wave Oscillators $499; Hermes Project psychic communi-ca-tors; ELF generators and more! Orgone Energy Works, Box 189, 1442A Walnut St., Berkeley, CA 94709.

Business Opportunities

Our mail distributors make $1,000 commission, $500.00 bonuses. Complete supplies, send to: J. Washington, 309 Clinton St., Camden, NJ 08103.

Buttons/Bumperstickers

Bumpersticker "Don't Blame Me, I VOTED FOR BONZO." $2 or 3/$5. Bonzo, #312, 1156 15th St., NW, Washington, DC 20005.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS. Low cost, custom made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for FREE Brochure, Price List and Samples. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC., Dept. NR, 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114. Phone (314) 423-5495.

ESCHEW OBFUSCATION

"ESCHEW OBFUSCATION" T-shirt [S-M-L-XL], $5.95. Letter-seals, 200/$2.50; 500/$5. Bumperstrips, 2/$1.50; 6/$4.25. Walnut desk plaque (triangular), $7.50. Tote-bag, $7.50. Wall plaque, $3.50. All ppd.

WRY Idea P.O. BOX 22408
[FORMERLY OF RYE, N.Y.] SAN DIEGO, CA 92122

Bumpersticker "Practicing member-Immoral Minority." Send $2.00 to: IMITY, Box 1071, Hays, KS 67601.

Coffees & Teas

TRY OUR FRESH ROASTED GOURMET COFFEES AND QUALITY TEAS. Send for price list: The Loving Spoonful, 307 S. Roan St., Johnson City, TN 37601.

Colleges/Universities

COLLEGE STUDENTS!—Improve your grades! Term-paper catalog—306 pages—10,278 titles—Rush $1.00 (Refundable!)—Research, Box 25918NR, Los Angeles, 90025. (213) 477-8226.

Non-traditional Doctoral Program. Southeastern University, 5163 DeGaulle Drive, New Orleans, LA 70114.

Do-It-Yourself

WATERBED FRAME—BUILD IT YOURSELF AND SAVE. All sizes. Plans $4.00. Box 19757, Oklahoma City, OK 73144.

THINKING ABOUT RETURNING TO COLLEGE? The thought of Night School for ten years got you down? Try Goddard's Adult Degree Program. Full-time study while you work. Two weeks on campus, six months independent study earn you 15 credits. Write Box NR11, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont 05667. Affirmative Admissions.

Employment Opportunities

Don't accept any job without consulting

INTERNATIONAL EMPLOYMENT HOTLINE

Monthly issues reveal current opportunities for career and temporary overseas employment.

Discover what's waiting for you in the world—and how to get it now!

Send to: International Employment Hotline, 543 Grand Boulevard, Suite AA, Venice, CA 90291

YES! I want HOTLINE information on international employment opportunities. Send me:
- ☐ $24.50 (US) one-year subscription
- ☐ $15.00 (US) six-month subscription
- ☐ $10.50 (US) three-month subscription

Enclosed $_____ ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

(please print)
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Send to: International Employment Hotline, 543 Grand Boulevard, Suite AA, Venice, CA 90291

National job openings. Universal System Search has professional/technical job openings up to 100K. Let us check your credentials against computerized listing of fee paid jobs from over 5000 firms. Monthly feedback. For quick results send two resumes, geographic preference and current salary data to: Universal System Search, #2 Timberline, Warren, VT 05674.

Energy Savers

USING FREE ENERGY? Down comforters do! Snuggle under our homemade, natural, European design. Double with sheetcasing, $155. Write: Down Home Comforters, NR, Box 440: Willits, CA 95490.

THE GREAT ESCAPES

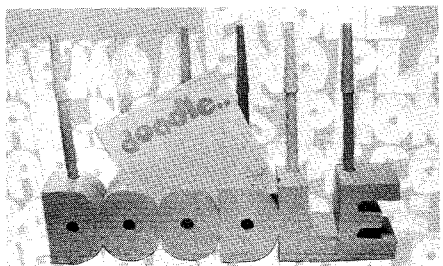
ATTN: World Travelers

At last! A monthly publication for the frequent globetrotter. Latest news on customs, currency, laws, air fares, charters. Columns on cruises, sports, lodging, tours, shopping, health, solo travel, dining, wines, art, photography and much more. Observations by our readers exchanging the good and the bad. We "tell it like it is." One-year subscription only $9.97. Your satisfaction is guaranteed. **International Travel News**, 2120 28th St., #283, Sacramento, CA 95818.

Financial

FIRE YOUR BOSS! World-renowned PhD scientist's newest financial discovery lets ordinary people gain independent wealth without capital investment. Free brochure will absolutely boggle your mind! Achievement/Worldwide, Box 849N, Sanford, FL 32771.

Gifts



A beautiful, hand-crafted redwood holder for six felt tip Doodling Pens and Doodle Pad. Pens and Pad included. Beautiful on your desk or in your work area. A great gift. Only $13.95 plus $2.00 shipping and handling. Many other hand-crafted words available; catalog 25c. (Ohio residents add appropriate sales tax.)

Bobbi K 3633 Strandhill Road
Dept NR
Shaker Heights, Ohio 44122

"SOUP'S ON"—Soup recipe collection. To nourish, warm a body. $7.95. Triad-2, Box 894, Whittier, CA 90608.

Help Wanted

LEADING PRIVATE SCHOOLS seek first-rate teacher and administrators for elementary and secondary positions. Nationwide placement. Sandoe & Associates, 29 Newbury Street, Boston, MA 02116, or 757 Bay Street, San Francisco, CA 94109, or call, toll-free 800-225-7986.

TEACHER FOR PRIVATE FAMILY (25-35 Yrs.) male, female-married, single no children. Non-smoker-drinker. DEGREE in early childhood education and knowledge of Montessori method. Variety of teaching experiences, foreign language, travel experience, able to live abroad, versatile athlete and interests for: Social and Academic Development of 3 children (3-8 Yrs.) GOOD SALARY AND BENEFITS. Position opening July 1981. Send full resume, photo. To be completed by April 25, 1981. To: P.O. Box 50487, Palo Alto, CA 94303.

Instruction

ONE-ON-ONE help for handicapped Young Adults (18-35) needing to learn independent living skills. Evaluation and remedial services. For information contact: Vincent D'Agostino, M.S. (201) 343-2407. New York area only.

SLEEP-LEARNING tapes, books! Strange catalog free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-NR, Olympia, WA 98507.

Legal Services

Trials—Appeals. Federal, State. Field (212) 434-0781. Evenings (212) 434-1825.

Literature

BEST BOOKS FOR CHIRSTMAS GIVING. Comprehensive children's book list for ages 4-16. Send $2.50 to Pickety Fence, P.O. Box 122, Appleton, WI 54911.

"MIXED MARRIAGE BETWEEN JEW AND CHRISTIAN." Hardcover. Send $6.00 to: RABBI SAMUEL SILVER, 2005 NW 9th St., Delray Beach, FLA 33445.

"What My Heart Wants to Tell"

Dear Friend—

For too long I have read and seen lies and half truths about we mountain folk. That's why I wrote "What My Heart Wants To Tell" to pass on to you the heritage my father left to me, before it is forgotten. If you'd like to order a copy of my book, please fill out the coupon below.

Many thanks,
Verna Mae Slone

New Republic Books
1220 19th St., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please send me _____ copy (ies) of **What My Heart Wants To Tell** @ $8.95 each plus $1.50 postage and handling. All orders must be prepaid, payable to New Republic Books.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Combined Fall/Winter 1980-81 University Press and Scholarly Imprint Sale Catalog-Savings up to 75%—1,084 titles, 154 publishers, limited quantities, cutoff date, April 30, 1981. Write for catalog: THE SCHOLAR'S BOOKSHELF, A-5, 195 NASSAU STREET, PRINCETON, NJ 08540.

Literary Services

STILL LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Free search service. Please write Peter Sperling Books, Box 300 Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10113.

WRITERS: "PROBLEM" MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022

Models

Car, Plane, Ship model kits. Originally issued during 50's/60's. List available. Romanowski, 2920 North Cicero, Chicago 60641.

Music

Fine Hardwood Music Stands . . .

Early Music Stands makes the finest in hardwood music stands, upholstered performers benches, instrument stands, and much more. For your copy of our new 32 page mail order catalog of *chamber music furniture*, please send $1 (refunded on first order).

Early Music Stands
Drawer 2400, Box 277, Palo Alto, CA 94302

TEN THOUSAND GODDAMN CATTLE 24 page book and 28 song album. $25.00 postpaid. Authentic Cowboy music from 30 years research. Katie Lee, Box 395, Jerome, AZ 86331.

Personal

Far East correspondents seek American correspondents. Cherry Blossoms, Hanokaa, HI 96727.

CHRISTIANS ARE PREFERRED gets single, widowed, divorced persons acquainted. Nationwide. Box 31622, Phoenix, Arizona 85046

UNATTACHED? Meet sincere, literate singles—anywhere. Call DATELINE-free 800-451-3245

Lonely? Meet New and Exciting Playmates. Join our Swinging Club. Send large S.A.S.E. for detailed application. ACVID, Box 62-J, Brooklyn, NY 11217.

GAY? Meet intelligent, interesting people. Quick-Confidential-Legitimate. Call now. Steve (212) 232-5500. Nationwide.

SINGLE BOOK LOVERS get the cultured, single, widowed or divorced acquainted. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania 19081. Established 1970. (Or call [215] 566-2132.)

Portraits

Your Pet's Portrait
Photography or painting, executed also from your photograph—WRIGHT Studio, 393 West End Ave., New York, NY 10024.

Property Sale/Rent

Stoney Point, Rockland County, New York. One year rental. Stone house, 3 bedrooms, adjacent to State park. 40 minutes to City. (212) 873-3139.

Tucson, Arizona. Buy townhouses, residences, land, motels, apartments. Free information. Reputable Roy H. Long Realty, 252 W. Ina Rd., 85704. Attn: M.J. Barrett

SABBATICAL? Rent/Exchange housing worldwide. LOAN-A-HOME, 18N Darwood Place. Mt. Vernon, New York 10553.

NEGRIL, JAMAICA. Restored colonial beachhouse on four-acre estate. Entirely private: two beaches, gardens, staffed year round. Color brochure. IT airfares. Llantrissant, P.O. Box 11440, Chicago, Ill 60611.

Recipes

Fifty authentic Russian recipes. $3.00 Joe Viniski, 7521 Hampton, #406, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

Delicious old fashioned cheesecake recipe. Best I've ever found. Only $1. Box 19757, Oklahoma City, OK 73144.

Best Lasagna. Old Italian recipe. S.A.S.E. $2.00. Lasagna, 815 Colonial Blvd., NE, Canton, OH 44702.

LOW SODIUM DIET! Ten recipes for tasty foods you normally do without. Send $3.00 and S.A.S.E. to: Golden Foods, Box 24, Woods Cross, UT 84087.

COFFEEMAKER MAGIC! 21 gourmet coffee recipes, easy original delights, $3.00. DSR Books, Box 3957, Rochester, NY 14610.

Some Crust! Six basic pastry recipes. Piecrust to easy strudel. $2.50, S.A.S.E., 594 Kenwood, Teaneck, NJ, 07666.

UNIQUE QUICHE—3 easy recipes for luncheons or main dish. $2.00 to Cole, 913 N. Gilbert, Casa Grande, AZ 85222.

10 of the best recipes from my collection gathered over 20 years. Includes spinach pie, fruit and vegetable dips, blue ribbon banana bread. $3.00. TKS, P.O. Box 28, Clawson, MI 48017.

DELICIOUS BEER CHEESE BREAD, $2.00, #1 Box 3356, Whittier, CA 90605.

PIÑA COLADA CAKE. NEW and DELIGHTFUL. Send now for holidays. $3.00. M. Simmons, P.O. Box 1060, Glen Burnie, MD 21061.

50 MEATLESS HI-PROTEIN RECIPES. Includes Breakfast, Lunch, Dinner recipes. $3.98. Send to: Save with Nutrition, Dept. D, P.O. Box 756, Elk Grove Village, ILL 60007.

Religion

49 BIBLICAL CONTRADICTIONS, $3.00. DISCOVERY, Box 20331-NR, West Valley City, UTAH 84120.

Shoes

KALSO EARTH SHOES
WE HAVE THEM! FOR MAIL ORDER brochure send 25¢: Shoeworks, 3930 South Troost, Tulsa, OK 74133. (918) 252-5120.

Survival Foods

FREEZE DRIED FOODS FOR HOME STORAGE, Independence, and Security. Free Catalog. Some selected dealerships still available. Modest Investment, Huge potential. Write: STOAWAY, 160 Cushing Highway, Cohasset, MA 02025.

Wanted

WRITER WANTS TO INTERVIEW single women who have chosen artificial insemination, for book. Confidential. Jean Lawrence, 1725 DeSales, N.W., Suite 600, Washington, DC 20036.

Etc.

OLD TIME RADIO PROGRAMS on cassette tapes. Free Catalogue. Cassette Library Center, P.O. Box 5328NR, Baltimore, MD 21209.

JEWISH BOOKS, TOYS, CRAFTS. Catalog $1.00, refunded first order. Judaica U.S.A., P.O. Box 513-F, Brookline Village, MA 02147.

MINNESOTA WILD RICE. $6.00 per pound prepaid. 5 pound Minimum shipment. Gene Floura, Blackduck, MN 56630.

Generator Flashlight needs no batteries. Generate electricity by squeezing grip lever. $8.00. LGP Enterprises, 301 E. Cedar, Enid, OK 73701.

Sell It, Rent It, Trade It, Find It

When you place your ad in The New Republic classifieds, you place your ad in front of over 250,000 readers for $1.00 a word per issue or $30 per column inch for camera ready copy. If you would like TNR to prepare a display ad for you, call for free estimates. If you've never advertised in our classified section before, you're eligible for our "3 FOR 2" INTRODUCTORY OFFER! Pay for two insertions and we'll throw in the third one FREE. *(Further rate information on preceding page.)*

Send check/money order or MasterCard/Visa # along with ad copy. Phone orders accepted with MasterCard/Visa only. Send copy or call collect: Theresa Miller, The New Republic, 1220 19th St., NW, Washington, DC, 20036. (202) 331-7494.

I'LL DO IT! Enclosed is prepayment along with my ad copy. Please run my ad _____ times.

_____

_____

_____

_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. Review

of Books

(As a service to readers who prefer to purchase books recommended by Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., here is a selection of books published in 1980 with cover or advertising blurbs by the Albert Schweitzer Professor of Humanities at the City University of New York.)

Without Fear or Favor by Harrison E. Salisbury (Times Books)
"At once a compulsively readable account of the inner workings of a great newspaper and a soberly penetrating inquiry into the responsibilities of the press in a democracy."
—*Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.*

Sweden: The Middle Way on Trial
by Marquis W. Childs (Yale University Press)
"Vivid and instructive."
—*Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.*

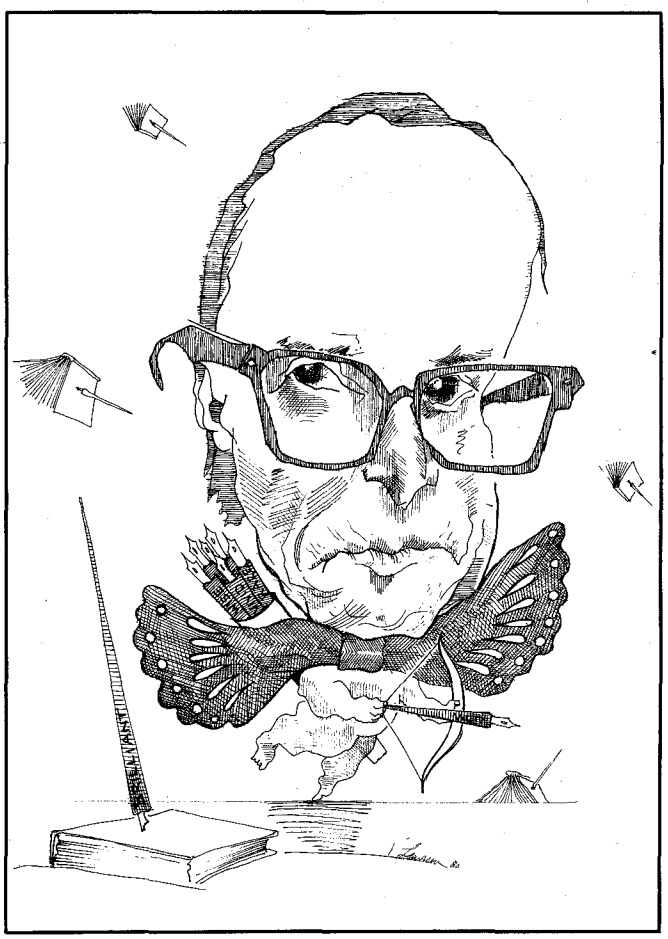
The Progressive Presidents by John Morton Blum (W. W. Norton)
"Sensitive, judicious and wise—an illuminating meditation on the hazards and hopes of presidential leadership."
—*Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.*

Lewis Perry of Exeter: A Gentle Memoir
by William G. Saltonstall (Atheneum)
"A marvelously evocative memoir of a man, his time and his school."
—*Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.*

Against the Current
by Isaiah Berlin (Viking)
"Possibly the most brilliant and engaging intellect of our time!"
—*Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.*

Helen and Teacher: The Story of Helen Keller and Anne Sullivan Macy by Joseph P. Lash (Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence: A Merloyd Lawrence Book)
"A truly heroic story, told with rare skill and insight by a master biographer."
—*Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.*

Honest Abe by Abe Burrows (Little, Brown/Atlantic Monthly Press)
"An exhilarating memoir by a rare and humane man whose wit has brightened the American theater for a wonderful generation."
—*Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.*



Vint Lawrence

Pioneer Women: Voices from the Kansas Frontier
by Joanna L. Stratton (Simon and Schuster)
Introduction "commenting on its uniqueness and significance" by Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.

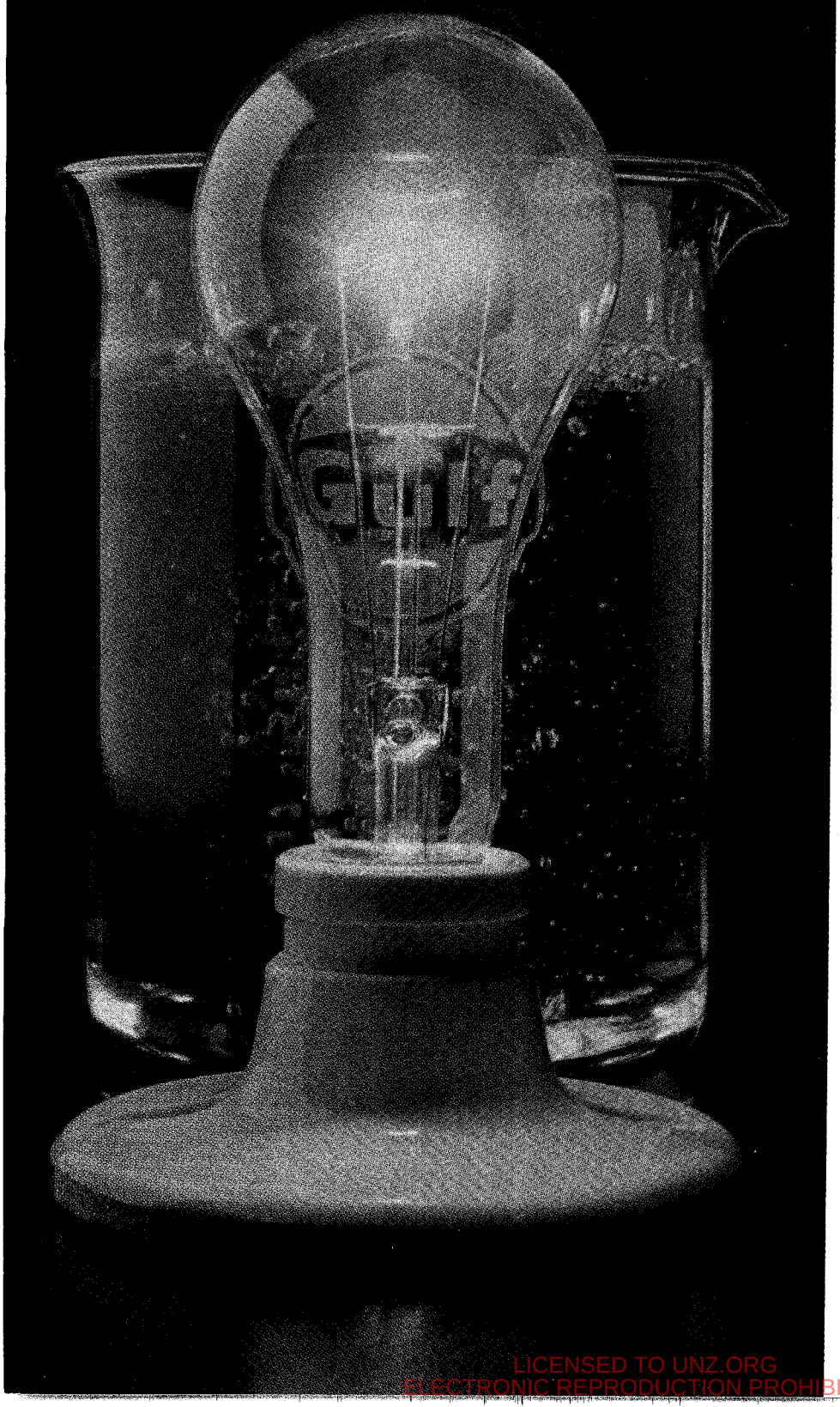
So This Is Depravity by Russell Baker (Congdon & Lattès)
"Russell Baker annotates dreams and reality in our time with surpassing elegance and wit."
—*Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.*

History and Memory: A Statesman's Perception of the Twentieth Century
by Charles W. Yost (W. W. Norton)
"An absorbing book filled with wise rumination and poignant recollection."
—*Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.*

M.E.K.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"At Gulf, we're working on a way to light lights, cook meals, and heat houses with the energy stored in water."



"You probably remember from grade-school science that water is two parts hydrogen and one part oxygen," says Dr. John Norman.

"Here at General Atomic Company, a subsidiary 50% owned by Gulf Oil, a project is under way to extract hydrogen from water for use as a fuel: for heating, cooking, or anything that now uses petroleum or natural gas.

"There are 326 million cubic miles of water on earth, and hydrogen in every drop–a natural energy resource that won't run out."

"The extraction process is called thermochemical water-splitting. We know it works because we've done it. But it takes high temperatures – about 1600° F – so it's rather expensive.

"It may be the turn of the century before it becomes commercial. But it's an attractive idea. Hydrogen from a gallon of water has about half as much energy as there is in a gallon of gasoline.

"Hydrogen can be made into a liquid or gaseous fuel. It can be transmitted long distances more cheaply than electricity. And when hydrogen burns, it's converted back into water. Very tidy."

At Gulf, our first priority is to get all the oil and natural gas we can out of resources right here in America. But we're working on a lot of other ideas, too. Thermochemical water-splitting is one of them. We are also working on underground coal gasification, solar research, liquefied coal and other synthetic fuels, geothermal energy, and other alternative energy sources.

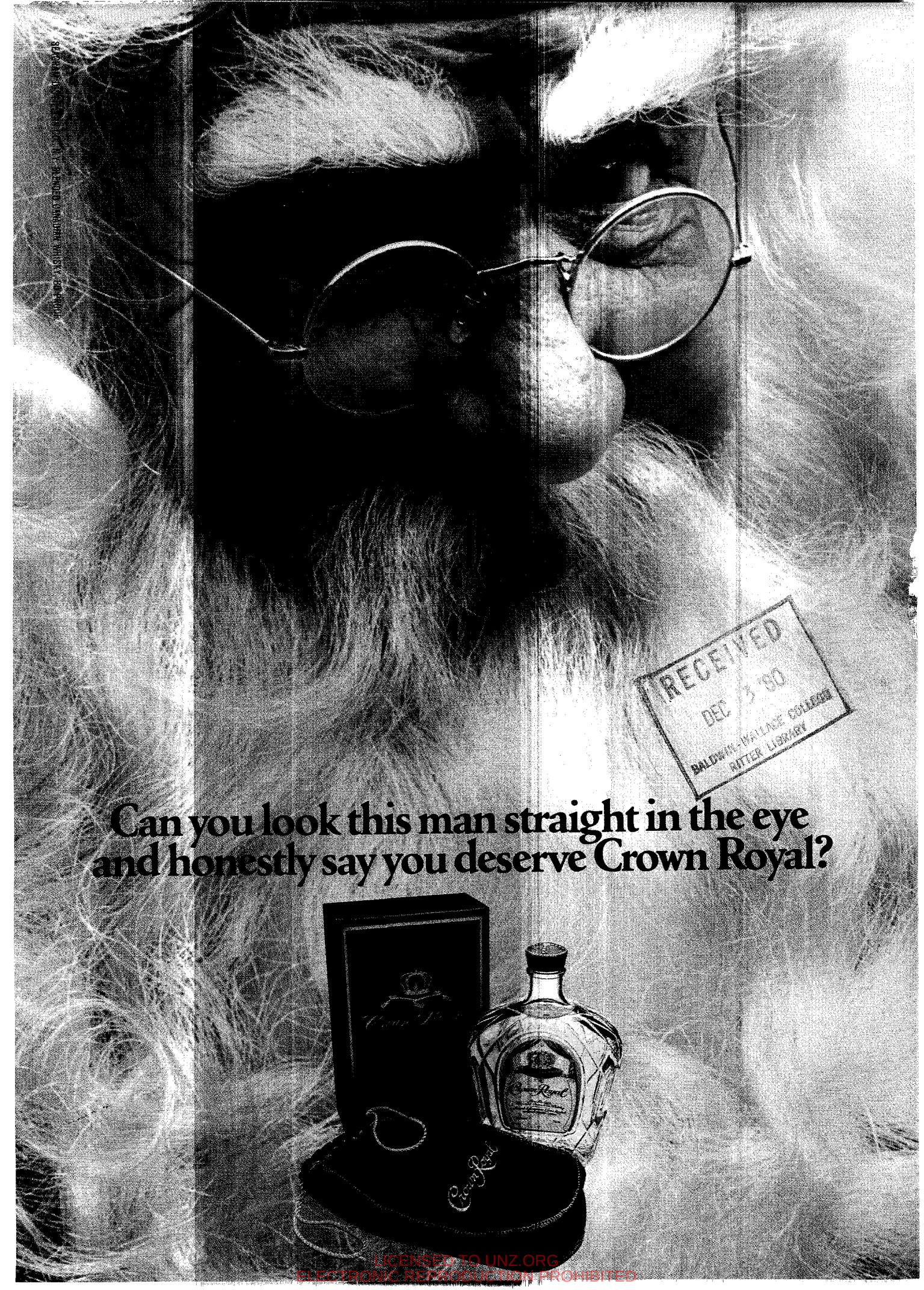
Basically the business we are in is energy for tomorrow.

Gulf

Gulf people: energy for tomorrow.

Gulf Oil Corporation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Can you look this man straight in the eye
and honestly say you deserve Crown Royal?
Crown Royal
Crown Royal
SEAGRAM'S CROWN ROYAL BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY 80 PROOF

RECEIVED
DEC 3 80
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
RITTER LIBRARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED